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NELLY NOELL, THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE. A ROMANCE Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE FRIENDS IN COERCION.



STERNATION.

Nelly was alive. He had seen her, talked with her, held her hand in his, and for months, ay, for two long years, he now saw how she had watched over him, guarded him from temptation, and served him with unexampled generosity. And she—his guardian, Nelly—was the disguised beggar-girl, who had communicated with him in so gentle and tender a manner. She was his *Mother*! She was his noble, generous patron, too!

And she was *rich*. That could hardly be, however, he thought, for they were very poor when Wilford knew them. How was this? She had paid him a thousand golden louis d'ors for his "Madonna." And then she had offered him her hand and "fortune," which she averred was ample—for she was the "lady in sables," also. Strange being—strange—liberal—affectionate—beautiful—loving—devoted Nelly Noell!

Ah, how the grateful heart of the boy-artist turned back to the time when he lay a helpless wounded stranger, beneath the hospitable roof of the poor light-keeper. How his pulse quickened at the recollection of the thousand kindnesses which Nelly and his daughter had showered on him amid his jeopardy, his illness, and his poverty! And then came up the lovely form of her to whom he was now affianced. Helen looked on him, with her deep, lustrous, heaven-eyes of blue, and he saw her as she moved in the brilliant circle she adorned—the matchless queen of beauty, grace and gentleness. Whither could he now turn, and what must be the result of this curious, wonderful, happy—yet fearful discovery?

De Brandt was not a marquis. At least so Marie-Noell had declared; and Helen was not the daughter of nobility. There was Wilford more her equal, and he could marry her without that feeling of dependence which her higher station might suggest. But what had he to do with Helen, or her station, now! Nelly still lived. But what was he to her?

"Wed!" he suddenly exclaimed, "wed—when!" Would he, could he lead to the altar the daughter of the so-called marquis, and Nelly yet alive? That Nelly of his dreams, whom he had pictured, pruned, and loved? How then could he escape from his contract of honor with the charming beauty who had entranced him, and whom he was so wholly devoted to, up to this almost fatal hour? Would Helen release him? She couldn't, should not do it. His peace was too deeply perilled by this thought; yet Nelly lived, and she had offered to become his wife. What could he say to De Brandt and his daughter, in explanation? A prior attachment—boyish love, gratitude to Noell, romance, faith! Wilford was sick at heart.

Then came the *sober* second thought. De Brandt was not a marquis. They had deceived him, calojed him, as Nelly had declared. What right had they thus to make him their victim? He would resist this monstrous imposition, on the instant, and call the "marquis" to account for his deceit and treachery! He would quarrel with De Brandt, fight him, slay him, for the egregious wrong he had thus committed. He had good right, he believed, to demand satisfaction. Impudently, at the hands of this deceiver, for his extraordinary conduct, and unprincipled chicanery.

"Quarrel with De Brandt! For what?" he

continued, as fresh thoughts of the past thronged upon his half-bewildered brain; "fight him! How, and why? Because the marquis, or whoever he was, had strained every nerve, apparently, to drive the artist from his daughter's favor? Quarrel with him, when he remembered that De Brandt had offered him ten, twenty, fifty thousand crowns to renounce her? Demand reparation of the father of the women whom he had taught out and followed up, for months, against that parent's wishes, and his clearly expressed commands to the contrary? This was folly, stupidity, rank injustice!

But De Brandt was not a marquis. What of that? The father of Alfred Wilford was a poor game-keeper. Perhaps De Brandt had been once a fish-monger. And if he were, what was all that to him? He had urged his own suit with Helen, he had accomplished, by dint of all his own art and talent and ingenuity, the highest of his earthly hopes, almost—and he had been the sole carrier of his own fortune, thus far, be it good or ill. There were none to blame, no one to chide, nor quarrel with, but himself. De Brandt had the undoubted right to call himself by such name or title as best suited his convenience or tastes—and Wilford finally saw himself as he was, but a poor, simple, humble painter, whom the fates had evidently singled out for persecution!

But, would he submit to all this? Could he tamely consent thus to be the football of fickle fortune, without some chance of hope for extrication from this terrible dilemma?

Morning dawned, at last. He arose from his sleepless pillow, and in the midst of his misgivings and uncertainty, Manfred found him, at his hotel.

"Come, my dear fellow," said his friend, gaily, "where were you truanting again last night? Didn't you promise to meet me at the hotel of the marquis? I waited there for you till midnight, and the ladies were especially anxious about you."

"Manfred," said Wilford, seriously, "how do I look, to-day?"

"Well, upon my word, I did not notice it, before; but what the deuce has come over you?"

"I was called away last evening, Manfred, just as I had ordered my carriage to wait upon the marquis."

"Business, do you mean?"

"Yes. That is—it has proved a pretty serious business for me, and you are likewise implicated."

"What has happened, pray?"

"Your fine 'marquis' of De Brandt is no marquis at all, my boy."

"No marquis?"

"Nothing of the kind, I can assure you, Manfred."

"Well, this is delightful. I beg you explain yourself."

"The summons I received was the favor of a lady whom I had met before. I responded to it, and found my friend, the 'lady in sables,' whom you remember at Venice, in waiting for me, at her lodgings."

"But!" exclaimed Manfred, with a sneer, "is this your authority?"

"Bear with me one moment, my good friend," continued Wilford, solemnly; "you shall soon see what my story and my authority are worth."

"It is the old story, Wilford, of course. Do you suppose that I haven't been round the world long enough to know how these things are managed?"

"But hear me, Manfred."

"I tell you, my boy, this 'lady in black' is a vastly clever woman."

"You are right there," said the artist.

"You are wrong, Manfred, all wrong, as you shall see."

"Well, I don't want to hear any such authority as this quoted to vilify my noble friend, the marquis. Why, man! Where are your interests, in this matter? Are you not quite as deeply involved as I, to be sure? What of the Lady Helen?"

"I know it, I know it all, Manfred. Still I repeat it, the marquis is no marquis; he is an impostor, and the ladies are not scions of nobility."

"I don't believe it, I tell you!"

"I will convince you that we have been deceived."

"Well then, go on."

"I attended the summons I received, last evening, and found the lady I have mentioned. She was attired as usual, masked and unknown to me."

"I would have torn the domino from her face, if it had cost me half my fortune," said Manfred, resolutely.

"And so would I, my friend. Be quiet. She repeated to me as she has done before, how dearly she loved me."

"Of course."

"How well she knew me, and what she would do for me."

"Yes, exactly."

"Recapitulated all the plans and events of my life, and again urged me to accept her hand and splendid fortune."

"Just as I supposed," said Manfred, exultantly.

"She declared to me that De Brandt was no marquis at all, and suddenly assured me, when I spoke of Noell, that his daughter Nelly was still living!"

"And you believed all she said, of course?"

"I believed what I saw with my own eyes, Manfred. Startled at this singular account, I turned away, and a moment afterwards, I looked for my strange informant, and she was gone."

"And that was all, eh?"

"No, Manfred! That was not all. The lady had departed, and to my astonishment, in her place, stood the beggar-girl of the Pont des Fleurs, of whom you have heard me speak."

"Your Marie?"

"Yes, 'Marie,' as she called herself."

"Another imposture, of course."

"Not exactly. She was cloaked and hooded, but only gave me fair words. I seized her arm, and demanded that she should show me her face. She resisted, we struggled, the cloak and bonnet fell from her head and shoulders, and Nelly Noell stood before me!"

"Who?"

"The light-keeper's daughter."

"Herself?"

"Her very self, Manfred."

"You've been dreaming, my boy," said his friend; "there is no doubt of this. What charms or jugglery may have been practised upon you by this artful woman I cannot say; but a singular result has been brought about. Keep your self quiet or you will be ill; your brain is overtaxed from some cause evidently, and you must now take care of yourself!"

Manfred seriously thought that Wilford was out of the possession of his wits. He took his hand and felt his pulse. Wilford forced a smile and said:

"Ah, my friend! I am all right here," placing his hand to his head; "and this is too serious a matter to jest about."

"I am disposed to be as serious as yourself, if there is any reality in all this. But really, my boy, I cannot think but that you have been deceived," said Manfred.

"Harry Noell is now in Paris, my friend," said Wilford.

"Are you certain?"

"Did we not see him yesterday?"

"You thought you did, I know."

"He lives, I assure you: and is now in town."

"You may be sure. We have been tricked. My prospective marriage with Helen de Brandt, or whoever she is, must be annulled. You will lose Hortense, of course, and I am ruined."

"Not quite so bad as all that, my boy."

"But what can we do?"

"Act like men, my dear fellow! I don't know what will come out of all this, but we will see, we will see."

"I am ready to join you in any plan you will suggest, that may save of a feasible show for escape from dishonor and disgrace, Manfred. But it appears to me almost a hopeless chance."

"Can you not see Nelly once more, immediately, and learn such particulars as may throw further light upon the character and intentions of the marquis, which may aid us in this unexpected emergency?"

"Yes, yes. I will send a message to her, directly. Tarry here, then, till the servant returns."

A note was forthwith despatched by a messenger, who was directed to find the lady addressed, and await a reply. The letter asked for an interview with Nelly at the earliest convenient moment.

The lovers waited anxiously for half an hour, when the attendant returned with Wilford's note, and brought the information that the lady left the hotel at sunrise, and no one knew who she was, or where she had gone.

Thus they were foiled!

CHAPTER XXIX.

WILFORD AND HELEN DE BRANDT.

WRECK evening came, the young gentlemen were quite as far from learning anything satisfactory to their wishes apparently, as they were in the morning of the day, now last closed. In vain had they roved the streets, or visited the quays, in search of the missing Nelly, the yacht or Noell. No clue could be obtained to the whereabouts of either one or the other. At last they determined to call at the residence of the self-styled marquis, where possibly some information could be had that might satisfy them.

The beautiful Helen and Hortense never appeared in finer spirits, or to better advantage than on this occasion. The former was peculiarly happy, and Wilford's deportment was strangely in contrast with that of the young ladies. He was depressed, moody and reserved. Helen rallied him.

"I have news for you, monsieur," she said, pleasantly; "and I think it will help to raise your seemingly drooping spirits. I hear that 'Nelly,' your charming light-keeper's daughter, has just arrived in Paris, mysteriously."

Hortense had withdrawn from the room, in company with Manfred, and the other lovers sat alone, together.

"I had heard of this, Helen," said Wilford, mournfully, "and I cannot understand why you should suppose that this extraordinary circumstance could be so intensely interesting to me."

"Why, is not this Nelly your dear ideal of a lovely woman? I am sure I have heard you say so, scores of times."

"Yes, yes. I have said so."

"And you have added too, Wilford, artist-flatterer that you are, you have even added that, your Helen resembled her, strongly."

"That is also true. The first time I saw you, Manfred will recollect that I spoke of the strikingly remarkable similitude that existed between your face and that of Nelly."

"Have you met her, yet?"

"Yes, for a few minutes."

"When?"

"Last evening, at her hotel."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the beauty, affecting surprise, "then it was in the charming Nelly's society you were engaged, while we were waiting for and expecting you, momentarily, all the evening?"

"I confess that I was thus engaged," said Wilford, humbly.

"And is she looking as engaging and beautiful as ever, non amie?"

"No, Helen. That is, I thought her paler and more anxious in her looks, than was her former wont. But really, she favors you, astonishingly. Not so tall, I think, as yourself, and somewhat less rotundity of form, but very like you, else."

"Well, I am rejoiced that they came just as they did. Father has seen Noell, Nelly's parent, who accompanies her, too, and fancies him."

"You should see our new yacht, Wilford, a very gem of a boat, that father ordered before we left the south, and which now lies in the stream."

"I have seen her," said Wilford, moodily.

"Isn't she a love of a thing?"

"She is very pretty."

"The *Walf* he calls her; a delightful name, Wilford. I have seen a 'Walf,' before," said Wilford.

"So Noell said. I think he had a similar boat, once."

"He did, yes."

"Father has engaged this Noell to take charge of the *Walf* so he says, as pilot—when we go to England, shortly. He is an *oufit* at this business, I think, is he not, Wilford?"

"Yes, yes," he replied—or "no," as it happened. His thoughts were far from the subjects upon which Helen was speaking.

"Are you ill, to-night, monsieur?" asked Helen, at length, finding that she could not arouse her lover.

"Sick at heart, sweet Helen."

"Of what, pray?"

"Ah, Helen de Brandt! If you could read the emotions that throng upon me, at this news, if you could appreciate the misery that surrounds me, the strange, conflicting, unutterable throbbings that this intelligence has caused me, you would deem my case a hard and unhappy one, at this moment."

"But what has happened, Wilford?"

"Helen! Do you believe I love you?" asked Wilford, suddenly appealing directly to the heart of his betrothed, so earnest was his tone and manner.

"Do you think I love you?"

"Can I doubt you, Wilford? Have we not plighted our truth? Why such a question?"

"When I look into your eyes, dear Helen, I see the soul of Nelly Noell, peering from them, in spite of all my convictions and efforts to the contrary. If I tell you I love another—Helen—at this late hour; if I point you to that love, and show you how meek and gentle she was, how untiringly devoted to my weal; if I show you how worthy she is, and how her poor heart will bleed, to see me taken from her forever; if I say to you that she is still living, gentle, resigned, submissive even to the fate that she fears awaits her—will you forgive me for the truce, you will lend me, and hear your sympathy, will you not?"

"With red, I am all amazement! What means this speech to me?"

"Do not chide me, Helen."

"Did you not offer me your heart and hand, together?"

"I did—I did!"

"And I accepted the proffer, O, how gratefully. You cannot give me half a heart, Wilford! You cannot divide the gift, though it be priceless in value. It is mine. Mine by possession, mine of right, mine, because it was your free, unasked-for gift, mine by all the ties that earth can make binding, save the marriage form—mine wholly, undivided, indisputably, irrevocably mine!"

"Still, Helen, if I had no heart to give—"

"Do not speak to me thus, Wilford. I did not fear this confession, though I knew how gratefully you remembered the humble Noell's daughter. You cannot recede, your solemn asseverations are registered in heaven; there is no relenting, no appeal!"

"Then must she perish!" exclaimed Wilford, fearfully. "She could not live, and feel that another possessed the heart she knows beats so fondly for her."

"You speak of Nelly, Wilford?"

"Yes, Helen. She is a tender flower, as gentle as a dove; and she will pine and die, when she learns her fate."

"No, Wilford, we will cherish her. You shall be her friend, her adviser, her brother. I will love her as you love her. She shall be with us, and she will continue to be near to you, to watch over and counsel you, as you say she has done for years."

"And you can permit this, Helen?"

"I can do more for your sake, Wilford, that I could not for another's. I honor your truth and devotion, and I will aid you to render Nelly happy."

"And you would not be jealous of her?"

"That would be to demean myself in your esteem, surely."

"And Nelly shall be near to you, you say?"

"Dear, my friend, she will love you always!"

"Next to you, dear Wilford, I will honor and respect her."

"Then am I happy, indeed! You must see her, Helen, you will prize her, I am sure."

"I have seen her, Wilford."

"When and where?"

"To-day, she has been here with her father."

The servant entered at this moment, and announced "Mr. Noell."

"He is welcome," said Helen; "show him up."

Wilford sprang forward as the light-keeper entered, and seized his extended hand with a hearty good will. Noell was very glad to see him, and an eagerly pleasant interview finished the evening. He came to see De Brandt, he said, in regard to sailing orders for the yacht. Everything was in readiness, on board, and he only waited his pleasure to put to sea.

Noell had grown old since Wilford last saw him, as nearly as the artist could remember his

looks; and when he retired, Helen spoke familiarly with him, and left the room a moment. Wilford did not exactly understand this, but the light-keeper and his daughter did!

"It is all time," she said, in a whisper. "Yes, yes," said Noel. "All is ready now; he has been tried sufficiently. Proceed, I will be within hearing of you."

While all this was going on, Hortense and Manfred were loitering in the garden, where everything had been fully explained by the former to her lover's entire satisfaction; and they now only waited for the signal agreed on, to join in the denouement which was rapidly approaching.

Helen and Wilford were once more alone. "Do you observe no change in my appearance, to-night, Wilford?" she said. The room was but dimly lighted, and his thoughts had been too intensely occupied with matters of greater importance, to suggest to him any particular examination of her dress or person.

"Nothing, till now," he replied. "Your hair is unburnt, and your face has lost its ruddy glow. Come to the light, dear Helen, I did not believe you could be improved in your features; but why have you thus transformed yourself?"

"They moved to the other end of the apartment, together, Helen leaning affectionately upon his arm.

"Did you ever see this before, Wilford?" she asked, raising her beautifully modelled hand, and pointing to a small diamond ring upon her slender finger.

"That ring, Helen! It was my mother's."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positive. I gave it to Nelly Noel, when we parted at Beachy Head."

"There is no mistake, eh, Wilford?" continued Helen.

The artist looked up—passed his eyes to his forehead—glazed for an instant into hands that told the story he had been so dull in learning before, and shrieked:

"My Nelly! Nelly—and swooning, was caught in the stalwart arms of her father, Harry Noel!"

The plot of the "marquis" was nearly completed.

"Wilford!" shouted the light-keeper.

"Joy, mikey," chimed in his friend Manfred;

"I give you joy!"

"Wilford! monsieur!" cried the pretty Hortense, advancing at the same instant. But the happiness of that moment was too great for him.

It would scarcely be generous for us to interfere, just now, with the scene that followed this sudden breaking in of the light upon Wilford's senses. Suffice it, there was joy at the quarters of Noel, that night! Such a shaking of hands, and such exclamations of delight were exchanged, in a few moments after the discovery—for Wilford's fulsome last but a brief moment—such rejoicings and congratulations as passed for the next hour there, were by no means common, even in joyous, noisy Paris—and we will leave our friends, temporarily, in the midst of their ecstacy.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETROSPECTIONS.

HARRY NOEL took an early opportunity to meet his two young friends after the discovery that was exhibited to them, for the purpose of explaining himself.

"I do not deem it necessary," he said to Wilford and Manfred, "to enter into any minute detail of recall to memory, or the course I have thought it proper to take, but I will give you, voluntarily, a brief expose of my intentions and my course since I saw you last."

"I saw, even while Wilford was under my roof, that an attachment was growing up in the heart of my daughter for him, and very soon after he left the light, I knew that she had conceived a passion for him. I knew her disposition, and her mother's before her—and I knew she would go to the world's end to carry her point. She loved the artist, and she resolved to follow his fortunes."

"I immediately determined to second her wishes, because I had no ties to bind me to earth save the affections and the protection of my only child. After due reflection and calculation for the future, I gathered together what little fortune I was possessed of at the light, and with my yacht, which I proposed to sell, at once, and my daughter, I left old Beachy Head, forever. I did not deem it necessary to give any information as to what my future destination would be, in indeed, at that time, I was ignorant of this myself, and at midnight, I set sail from the Point, without notice or warning to any one, lest my future plans might by this means be impeded or perhaps frustrated altogether."

"The two soundrels who had deceived me for weeks previously to my leaving home, under pretence of being government officials, undoubtedly set fire to the light house, soon after we left; but that as it may, I know nothing of it save what I met with in the journals of that day. This seemed a fortunate circumstance for me, however, since it was believed that both myself and my child had been then destroyed amidst the ruins of the razed light. I did not omit to turn this fact to immediate advantage, as you will see."

"We arrived, after a prosperous and brief voyage, at a port on the extreme southern coast of France, which I knew to be the locale of a horde of the emulating fraternity; I found no difficulty within a few hours after my yacht was seen, in disposing of her. Her name and all traces of her origin and ownership I had carefully removed, and when I placed her in possession of her new owners, they could not even trace in their old golden logs for her, quite her full value."

"I then proceeded to turn what other little property I had into cash and letters of credit, until at last I found myself quite in funds, for me, and I proceeded to travel, with my daughter, in search of Wilford, whom I afterwards heard of in Paris. I chanced to fall in with Madame Desnartre, in the meantime, at Mar-

seilles. Her fortune was very large, and I proposed to unite my own with hers," continued Noel. "But you smile, Manfred," he said, observing that his last sentence caused a sensation.

"Yes, O my friends, of course, were not so great as some people would crave; but then I assure you I was not so poor as a good many others in the world, by any means. However, Madame has enough! We united our fortunes, I married her, and we were both happier and richer for the change we made. Madame had two children—Hortense and an invalid boy, lately deceased, and with our son and daughter we retired to La Realle, and lived in handsome style there, under an assumed name and title."

The Brandts were Madame's maiden name. For my own reasons, we took this cognomen. I affixed the title of "marquis" to it, in order the more completely to draw off suspicion, and to further the plan I had for the future; and, when time had lulled my face a little, and certain changes had come about that sufficiently disguised my person—I took my family, and we set down in Paris, where we could better make our business and finish up our scheme, now so fairly in progress."

Nelly had had the use of such pecuniary means in the meanwhile, as she desired. She went and came, attended by devoted and faithful servants, who had been learned not to talk; and from time to time she kept her father advised of all her little plans and disguises with the artist, and which I approved. It was thus she kept his mind occupied, and the romance and excitement of his apparent perplexing intrigues with Marie, and the beggar-girl, and the lady in sable, and, finally with Helen, served to keep his spirits up, and push him forward in his art and his little fortune."

"You met me, gentlemen, at our hotel in Paris. You remember the impressions of that night, when you first saw the family of the 'Marquis de Brandts.' You made your game on that occasion, you have played briskly and artistically, since, and you have well-nigh won! I will not have forgotten the agreeable days and scenes we enjoyed together at Venice; you saw us as we were, you now know us as we are. I propose to proceed to London soon, and to settle finally in England, once more, for we must not, snail our success and our joy; my boys, forget our native land, you know!"

"That is good news, too," said Manfred, eagerly.

"Are you satisfied with my explanation, young gentlemen?"

"Perfectly, entirely. It was admirably managed," said both the young friends, in one voice.

"Till well, then. I am not desirous to meet any of my Paris acquaintances here, at present, or at least until the explanation of my course shall have become public. So, we shall depart at an early day, and in the meantime, I am known as Noel, only, remember. My daughter's name is Helen, Wilford—after her mother, whom we lost in her father's arms. We have called her 'Nelly' however, for brevity, and from habit only. You were not very grossly deceived in this, at any rate."

"Nelly, or Nelly—or Helen, she is the same to me," responded Wilford, joyfully. "I am content. Are we to join you, on your return to England, Noel?"

"Most certainly; that is all we wait for."

"I am ready," said Manfred.

"And I will be ready, in a day or two," added Wilford, who had some matters of business that he was obliged to close up before leaving town. "How shall we go?"

"You forget the *Walf*, my son!" asked Noel.

"O, yes, we have seen her."

"The yacht is ready; a copy of the original."

"And she is the original!" queried the painter.

"Didn't I inform you that I had sold her?"

"My present boat I had built as you sometimes paint good pictures, you know; from impressions and recollection."

"Well, you have succeeded quite as well with the yacht as Wilford did with the portrait of his 'Nelly,'" said Manfred.

"The *Walf* of to-day is a perfect likeness of the other, and we both supposed her to be the same."

"Well, we shall return in her to England," continued Noel.

"Be in readiness, if possible, then, the day after to-morrow, Wilford. In the meantime, you know, the young ladies and the 'marionettes' that were, will be happy to see you both, often. And so, *au revoir*!"

Before her mother was taken away by death, Nelly had had the advantage of her attentive instruction and undivided care. The first wife of Noel was a French lady, by birth, and she had taken great pains to give her only child a knowledge of her native language. Thus, with what she had learned at home, and the subsequent attention she gave to the subject on her arrival in France, she very soon became *au fait* in the Provincial French tongue; and afterwards acquired a ready pronunciation of the language of Paris, between which, two there is as great a difference of dialect as exists between that of an "honest Yorkshireman," and a London cockney.

It will have been observed that Noel had been extremely modest and cautious, in speaking about his own individual fortune. It was supposed that his marriage with his second wife had made him rich, and he always humored and encouraged this belief, never alluding to his own means, or how he had acquired it. The supposition that his lady's fortune was the bulk of their property, and the knowledge that, at any rate, their income, was enormously large, was sufficient to deter the asking of questions. As no one inquired about the point, so Noel never had occasion to allude to it.

The studio of the artist was closed at last. His few unsold pictures were added to the splendid gallery that Helen had gathered together, from time to time, and when finally arranged, though modest in numbers, formed one of the choicest private collections to be found—foremost among which, were seen Wilford's elaborate "Madonna" and his famous "light-keeper's daughter."

The yacht was in readiness for the reception of its company. The morning on which they designed to sail for England was a delightful one, and the party were all in excellent spirits. Noel was really engaged as "pilot," as Nelly had informed her lover; and the skipper now only awaited the arrival of his master to put to sea. The wind blew fresh from the coast, and the prospect of a speedy and pleasant homeward trip was very promising.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BURTON HOUSE. ENGLAND. HOME.

UPON the day succeeding this explanation of Noel, the remainder of his reserved household, carriages, horses, grooms and servants reached Paris, en route to England, in charge of his chief attendant, or steward. Everything was immediately put in train for departure. The establishment was at once put forward by land as far as Calais, whence everything was embarked in good order and safety, for Dover. The yacht was in readiness to receive the family, and all was now completed for sailing.

"Come, boys, lively, now!" said Noel, as the two young gentlemen reached the quay, with their luggage. "Lively, and let's get on board, as briskly as possible. The wind favors us this fine morning, and we shall have a capital run across the Straits. Bear-a-hand with this luggage, Louis. Come, gentlemen. The ladies are on board, and all is ready for us."

In a few minutes they had embarked, the job was run up, the mainmast filled away with the freshening breeze, and the *Walf*, with its precious burthen, put gallantly down the river.

"Where will you run up, Noel?" asked Manfred. "I propose to run up the Thames, and stop in London a few days," said Noel, "where I shall find business, for a time."

"London! What the deuce have you to do with the metropolis? I supposed, of course, you would proceed at once to Dover, and thence to Burton House. I shall hear to nothing else, at present, certainly."

"My dear boy! What will you do with us all at Burton House? They will think we come to take them by storm, if we tumble in there, sans ceremonie, as you suggest."

"Not at all, my friend. I have already prepared for this; and my father is now looking, hourly for our arrival. We must proceed to Dover, direct. And if you are 'pilot' of this craft, as I learned from the young ladies you were engaged for this post, I insist that you make for that port, with all dispatch. He's not going to London, at any rate," continued Manfred, turning to Wilford for aid.

"No, no. I have no call there," said the artist—"except," he added, "it be to pay my respects to the incomparable Miss Simpson, mikey—eh?"

"And see here, Noel," continued Manfred, drawing a letter from his pocket, that he received from home just before leaving Paris, "see this. It isn't private, you can read it. It is from my father—*bon dieu* again!"

"I shall anticipate your coming," ran the letter, "with sincere pleasure, I assure you, under the circumstances, my dear son. On no account whatever, permit Noel and his family, with our friend Wilford, to halt anywhere else in England, until we have enjoyed a long visit from them, at Burton House. Make this a point not to be declined or evaded. I have arranged at Dover to be informed of the fact the moment the *Walf* is signalled, when our carriages will be sent to the dock to bear you all to the homestead. Let me repeat it, then, I cannot be disappointed. We have prepared for a grand time when you arrive, and I trust that your voyage may be a brief and happy one. You will not omit, of course, to be the bearer of my regards to Noel and his estimable wife; and remember your father affectionately to the young ladies and your friend Wilford, all of whom we are anxious to take by the hand."

"Now, what do you say, Noel?"

"Say?" replied Noel, quickly, turning to his helmsman. "Put her away a point or two, North, to the southward and westward."

"She is headed duly for Sheppey Island Light, monsieur," said the man at the helm, respectfully.

"Put her away. We land at Dover, Norton."

After a beautiful trip up the channel, the *Walf* rounded Sheppey Island, and a telegraphic signal from Dover informed the residents at Burton House that the yacht had arrived. Carriages were instantly sent out to receive them, and in a little time they reached the magnificent estate of the Manfreds, where they were most cordially and hospitably bestowed, for the present.

While the young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves at Burton House, Noel went up to London for a day or two. He felt it due to his government to enter into some explanation of his conduct, now that he had returned permanently to his native land, and for this reason he embraced an early opportunity to wait upon the Secretary of the Department to whom he owed his original appointment to the post of light-keeper at Beachy Head.

He reached the city seasonably, and repaired at once to the proper quarter to report himself. His card was sent to the head of the department, who looked at it a moment, and said, after a little reflection:

"Noel!—Noel!" Then turning to the chief clerk of one of the bureaux, he said, "Noel, is that the name of the former keeper of the light at Beachy Head?"

The books were turned to, and the clerk said, "yes; it was Harrison Noel."

"H. Noel," continued the secretary. "It is the name I think. Show him in."

Our friend made himself known, at once. He explained his absence in his own way, without any apparent wish to deceive, and the department accepted it. He said he had got wearied with the duties at Beachy Head, and a good opportunity suddenly turned up, which he was compelled to avail himself of at a moment's warning, or lose it. He was the owner of a

handsome yacht, which he took to France and sold, and began the world over again," to use his own words, in the hope of there acquiring a fortune. He left letters behind him when he sailed, requesting a neighbor to come down and see to the lights, until a new appointment could arrive to take his vacated place, and believing that all would go on right, without trouble to the department.

Soon after his arrival in France, he learned of the destruction of the premises, by fire. The two men who came there with forged credentials, and who contrived, also, to have sent down to him, a letter by mail, purporting to come from the secretary—endorsing them and their objects—were impostors; and undoubtedly fired the building, after robbing it. He was supposed to have been burned in the ruins, and he did not contradict the story for private reasons of his own, which would not interest the government. He had absented himself, voluntarily, and now he returned voluntarily to England. His aim had been accomplished—he had been eminently successful—and he was ready to answer to his government in any manner they might think proper to institute, etc., etc.

Now Harry Noel was quite as zealous as a great many other petty office-holders under government have been, before and after him—who imagine themselves of such immense importance in their places, that they seem to believe the wheels of the national car (almost) must stop, if they withdraw suddenly from the service! A very common opinion, this, but a very fallacious one.

The fact was, Noel was never personally known at the department, at all. As soon as his absence was known, a poor relative of the secretary applied for the place; and that functionary made up his mind that Noel was burned up, or had run away, either of which possible occurrences was equally fortunate for him, as it made an opening for his wife's sister's husband's cousin, and that was all he cared about the matter—forgetting, in another week, that any such man as Harry Noel had ever existed.

Now the light-keeper had returned again, and it might be that he would want his old place, again—for himself or another—for the secretary knew nothing about Noel's present pecuniary condition, and so he got rid of him as quickly as possible, lest he might become important, and informed him that the department had not been put to inconvenience, in any way, by his sudden disappearance, since the accident had occurred, a new building had been erected, and a new light-keeper had been permanently appointed at Beachy Head. And furthermore, the secretary gave him to understand that his explanation was perfectly satisfactory, and if the department at any time, should have any further occasion to confer with him, he would be communicated with by mail. The honorable secretary then bowed Noel politely out, without even asking his future address!

"That difficulty is well got rid of, at any rate," said Noel to himself, exultantly. "The honorable secretary is a great man, I have no doubt;—his own esteem, I know, what is the length of his purse!" Then hailing a fly, he jumped into it, and ordered the driver to the *Royal George Hotel*.

Preparations were now put afoot with becoming alacrity, and upon a scale of magnificence commensurate with the positions and fortunes of Manfred and of Helen's father, for the approaching marriage of the two young couples, whose career we have traced to the present time.

Barton House was the scene of unparalleled gaiety. Noel had returned from London, bringing with him a liberal supply of jewels, dresses, and adornments for the person of his beautiful daughter, and the hour was at last close at hand when the lovers were finally to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COUNT ALPHONSE.

WITHIN the few months previously, there had come from abroad—it was said direct from Italy, one Alphonsé, the Count Arantappi, an artist of great distinction, and a scion of one of the ancient families of nobility in Venice, as it was understood.

So far as looks went, the count was an exceedingly showy man, but illiterate, and vain of his title and his personal appearance, to the very last degree. He soon became involved in a foolish debt, at London, where he took up his residence; and his tailor, his hatter, his hotel-keeper, and others whom he contrived from month to month to impose upon, had got to be generous in number, and importunate in their demands on him for unliquidated bills.

Count Alphonsé had a pretty name, and a glorious pair of whiskers and mustaches. He managed to appear in fresh white kids and inimitable cravat nightly at the theatre or the opera, and before he had been in the metropolis three months, half a score of amiable mothers, who had "marriageable" but not very desirable daughters, had made the acquaintance of his countship, with a view to calling him son-in-law.

It was his fortune to be petted even by the Lady Hallowdale, whose wide circle of acquaintances was, for the most part, composed of calculating maidens and nobility-loving aunts. But the count was wary and business-like in his deportment, and it was difficult matter to entrap him. He was determined upon "making a good thing" of his elegant contour and his rapidly-spreading reputation, and he laid himself out for securing a fortune at any rate, with the person of the prettiest woman he could inveigle into marriage with him.

In vain did the parvenues of London and vicinity, who visited his saloon, and made party after party to catch him, in vain did they throw out their questionable and tainted baits! Count Alphonsé had been too long an observer of men and women, so he imagined, to be deluded or deceived. He kept aloof, painted an indifferent picture, occasionally attended zealously to his moustache and silky locks, and squandered every shilling he could raise, as fast as it came into his

possession—continuing, at the same time, to get deeper and deeper into debt, from week to week, as he went on in admirable fashionable dissipation.

"Miss Simpson," he shouted Laura, to her friend Miss Charlotte, one day, as she returned from a morning's ride, "Charlotte, have you seen the charming Count Arantappi, who has recently dropped dead among us, in town, here?"

"I have heard of him, and have promised the Littles that I would call at his studio with them, to-morrow. They tell me that he is a splendid looking man, and a magnificent artist."

"So I hear, Charlotte. The praises of the Count Alphonsé—his is a sweet name!—are upon everybody's lips; and he is sought after by all our acquaintances, as a trump card."

"I have so understood it Laura. I shall have the pleasure of meeting him, to-morrow—casually, you know, Laura—only casually; and I shall then be able to decide whether report speaks correctly."

"Exactly, Charlotte. You are a judge."

"I rather flatter myself, Laura, that few women have had a better opportunity, at my age, to know and judge of mankind, than I have."

"That is very true, Charlotte; and you have evinced your good judgment, thus far, by avoiding being deceived or caught by any of them."

"Yes. There was Henry Payton, the merchant's son, of Piccadilly. You remember him, Laura, with his shining face and well brushed coat, how he pursued me, until I forbade him, peremptorily, ever again to enter my presence?"

"Yes, I remember Payton. His father died, lately, and left him a hundred thousand pounds, in the funds."

"You don't say it, Laura!" exclaimed Charlotte, astounded. "Why, every one declared that he was a poor fellow, dependent upon his daily business, for bread!"

"He was associated in trade, I believe—a silent partner, with his father, who died richer than any one suspected him to be, while he lived."

"What has become of Payton, Laura? He was a very clever young man, as we say in English. I think he would be very glad to renew our acquaintance here, eh?"

"I think it quite probable, Charlotte. Mr. Payton is announced to be married, I notice, to the youngest daughter of Viscount Pallmallerton, shortly."

"Possible!"

"So says the Court Journal, of last week. When he is married, I have no doubt we can readily include the Paytons in our list of acquaintances."

"Yes," responded Charlotte, thoughtfully, and at the same time questioning the reasonableness of this idea.

"Then there was the artist, Wilford, you know," continued Laura, reminding the now fading beauty of another of her discarded suitors.

"O, yes—yes. He was the most determined and passionate of them all," said Charlotte. "How the Manfreds could tolerate that man, was more than I could ever conceive of."

"He was a genius, Charlotte!"

"A—fiddlers! Genius? I saw a picture of Count Arantappi, a day or two since, that Lady Flemin purchased, which is a picture, to be sure."

"What was it?"

"A female head."

"Painted by the count?"

"Yes. Lady Flemin procured it of him, personally. He brought it with him from Venice, I think—or Paris. This picture shows that genius of which you speak. I really doubt if young Wilford ever could paint, at all, for my part. The Manfreds spoiled him, and really made him think he had talent. I assure you, he was not up to mediocrity."

"Then he was fortunate to have so many true friends, who kept him so busy at work."

"Probably this was a charity, on their part. He was fit for nothing else, and the occupation they afforded him kept him out of other mischief, probably. But, Laura, that poor little fellow had the audacity to propose himself as a suitor to me, you recollect! It was too ridiculous a thing for me to get angry at, but I never could reconcile such presumption on the part of such humble persons."

"What has become of young Wilford, Charlotte?"

"Run away, I think, quietly. I haven't heard of him, for a long time."

"There is an artist by the name of Wilford who is largely spoken of in the French journals, of late. Can this be he?"

"O, no. He went to America, if I remember rightly. He might shine among the Yankees, but he has no mission in this country, at all events. He couldn't live a week in Paris, surely."

"You are sure that the picture you speak of, is one of the count's efforts?"

"Yes, of course. An original, which he finished some months ago, and brought to England with him."

"You have been luckily ridged of all these adventures and poverty-stricken fellows, that thus crossed your path, Charlotte, and you should make a fortunate match, at last, for the lessons you have had the opportunity to teach these presumptuous luck-hunters, in your experience."

"Have you chanced to meet this Count Alphonsé, yet, Laura?"

"Not to be presumed. I was in at Cardor's, the hair-dresser's, on Tuesday, and he chanced to stop a moment, as we passed out."

"Is he really so handsome as they say he is?"

"Yes; and more so. I assure you he is an elegant representative of the fashionable gentleman, if I can judge—to outward appearance, you know."

"I see, I see. He is a nobleman, too, of course?"

"O, yes. The Count Arantappi. A delightful name, too."

"Very, Clara, very pretty. I shall have the pleasure of meeting him, to-morrow. It is all planned, by sunny-bait, of course it is to be, eh? I said before, only a casual call; a mere ac-

dental arrangement. If he can paint, I will sit to him for my picture."

"Capital!" said Laura.

"I shall thus be able to make his acquaintance, you know."

"Romantic—very," continued Laura.

"Not a word of this, out of this room, Laura."

"Of course not, Charlotte."

The pretty Miss Simpson retired to her boudoir, to think over this matter, and to arrange for making "a hit," on the following day, when she should have the honor of a presentation to the honorable Count Alphonse, de Arantuppi.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COUNT ALPHONSE was sitting in his flashy dressing gown that was yet unpaid for, the next day, enjoying the comforts of his morcham at his studio. A carriage halted at his door and a trio of ladies emerged from it and passed up into his rooms. He received them in his customary magnificent style, and was very happy to make the acquaintance of Miss Charlotte Simpson, to whom he was now introduced by the Misses Little, that accompanied her.

They were riding by, and merely called, on passing, they said. Miss Simpson was a connoisseur in art—they told the truth there, too—and she desired to look at some of the count's latest works. They passed an hour in his saloon, examining several pictures, half done, and possessing but little merit, and finally were bowed out with a grace on the part of his countship that would have caused a French dancing-master to blush, could he have been a witness to his *suzette* and complaisance.

The count was greatly pleased with Miss Simpson, and at once made the most particular inquiries about herself, her family, and her prospects, peculiarly, of course. The party to whom he at first spoke was only partially informed in regard to the lady's means and family history. He had heard from several sources that Miss Simpson was a very desirable person—of good descent, wealthy connections, handsome fortune, in her own right, and with high expectations from two sources, on her father's side. This friend referred him to another party who did know her, and this story was confirmed and improved.

"She comes of a good story," said this informant. "Her present income is generous, and her prospective property is very large. She would make a desirable companion for anybody, and everybody was desirous to make favor with her."

Count Alphonse resolved to marry Miss Charlotte Simpson, if the thing were possible. He never met with the woman that so exactly answered his *beau idéal* of a dashing, splendid girl. And as she was rich in the present and in the prospective, he thought he could afford to permit her to exchange her name from Simpson to Arantuppi if she would. And so he went about the consummation of the business without unnecessary delay.

Neither of the persons with whom the count communicated, knew anything about the temporal affairs of Miss Simpson, except what common rumor substantiated and aided to keep in circulation. Arantuppi believed her to be rich, he knew she was a pretty woman, and he soon found his way into the circle she visited, principally through the lady's own personal subsequent convenience.

"And how were you pleased with the count?" inquired Laura, when she next met with Charlotte.

"O Laura, he's a love of a man, truly. I am not surprised that all the ladies should be running after him. So polished, so graceful, so handsome—and then his manner of speech, his polished English, is so interesting and so entirely take-a-like, that I was vastly pleased with him, to be sure."

"And you have met him since?"

"O yes, at the Littles'. And Laura, what did I tell you? He has proposed to me—"

"Proposed?"

"To sit for my portrait, Laura; that is all, thus far. I shall attend him at his studio, to-morrow."

Miss Simpson was vanquished at last! There was no resisting that mustache and that flowing beard, that nicely knotted cravat, and that pretty white hand.

"And such an artist, too! Laura, when you get to be as good a judge of pictures as I ought to be, you will say that the count, at any rate, is a most excellent and accomplished painter, as well as a gentleman."

"I understand that the picture he furnished your friend, and which has been so greatly admired, is a very choice production," said Laura.

"Beautiful! One of the prettiest faces imaginable, Laura; and the coloring is most artistically executed."

"But it is not his work, Charlotte, at all."

"How do you know that? He brought it here—"

"Yes, he got it in Paris. It was painted by Mr. Wilford!"

"Pshaw, Laura, what does this signify? It is the result of rivalry, only."

"But I assure you that the painting has been received by Wilford himself, who chanced to see it at your friend's house, recently, and who declared that it was a low priced and early effort of his, executed by him soon after his arrival on the continent, months ago."

"Such was the fact! But Miss Simpson was entirely incredulous, and charged this pretty piece of scandal, as she termed it, to envy."

Miss Simpson sat for her portrait, and it was finished at last. It was the likeness of a flashy woman, but poorly executed, and looked very little like the gay and spirited coquette. But it had been painted by the Count Arantuppi; and though her friends could not admit it a picture of herself, yet she tried to believe that it did her justice. Perhaps it did!

As time passed by, the count became more and more intimate with Miss Simpson, and he

finally proposed to marry her. His offer was duly accepted, and the news was widely spread among her coteries of acquaintances.

"Charlotte Simpson is at length provided for," said Miss Little to her sister, one morning. "She is announced as affianced."

"To whom, pray?"

"To the handsome Count Alphonse."

"Alphonse?"

"The painter—Arantuppi," added the informant.

"O yes. And he is wealthy, as they say?"

"I never heard he was, at all. Did you?"

"I certainly have no heard him spoken of. When is the marriage to take place?"

"Very soon. Charlotte is now busy with the preliminaries."

The count was present at the residence of Charlotte's guardian one evening, after the arrangements had been made, in general terms, for their union.

"Whereas you to reside," said the lady's protector, of the flashy count, after talking the matter over otherwise.

"Wherever my lady may elect," said the count.

"You have no choice?"

"No, madame—except what Ma'am'elle Charlotte wishes. I have no preference."

"In regard, then?"

"Oui, yes, madame."

"What settlement do you propose, count?"

"Settled!" exclaimed the count, wildly, "that is bad word in English." (He had heard this term used so often, of late, among those that had waited upon him for his numerous unsettled accounts, that it amazed him!) "I shall have no settlement, a *propos* madame."

"Some arrangement must be entered into, before the wedding," said her guardian. "She has no property of her own, of consequence, and it would be—"

"No property, madame—what is meant?"

"Charlotte has no wot, yet—just, in the future, perhaps, when her relatives decrease—"

"Decree!" I have been understood she is very rich; and I have love Ma'am'elle Charlotte vis all my 'eart, madame. But I will make no settlement, and I will consider more, before we sell go no farther, madame."

There was a mistake here, evidently! The count retired, went to his hotel, and found a bailiff there awaiting his arrival! He was arrested for several debts, and finding no friends to come to his aid, he was committed to prison. In his complicated affairs, he was very unceremoniously taken off to Fleet Street Prison, where he found leisure for reflection!

There was a double mistake, as it turned out, eventually. Charlotte thought the count a genuine nobleman. He was forced to throw off his assumed title and disguise, and it was ascertained, subsequently, that he was a graceless and dissolute Frenchman, who possessed some little talent as an artist, but who was bankrupt in principle and purse, and who had fled from Boulogne and Paris to avoid the debts he had contracted in France while pursuing a similar fortune-phantom there.

Miss Simpson believed his story to the effect that he was wealthy, as well as noble, and that he chose the profession of an artist only as a pastime. As an impostor, who was bankrupt in principle and purse, he was exceedingly mortified, and for a time was sincerely distressed to know that she had been so easily deceived. But she found a consolation in the reflection that she had very fortunately escaped marrying him; and as there were more men left in the world, she very soon rallied, and forgot this adventure.

The portrait of Charlotte was never taken from the count's rooms. His negro efforts were set for the rent due, and his "splendid establishment" was broken up. At a public vendue of his pictures, afterwards, the highest price for his *chef d'oeuvre* commanded, was seventeen shillings sterling!

No event of this character could be long remembered by such a person as Miss Simpson. She quickly forgot the count and his handiwork, his genius and his debts. Her friends were too considerate and too generously inclined towards her, in spite of her coquettish and silly faults, to remind her of him, or the attendant circumstances of this queer affair; and she lost no caste in society by the result of her intimacy with the artist.

The Count Arantuppi was kept in durance for his unpaid debts several months; when he was finally released, and permitted to return once more to the continent, or elsewhere. He made the most of his opportunity and his liberty; and was never afterwards seen in England.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FINAL UNION.

DURING the absence of Nell at the metropolis, both young Manfred and Wilford had taken the opportunity to explain to Mr. Manfred, senior, the *marriage* affair.

"Of course I told him that he is not a marquis," said the old gentleman, good-naturedly, "but how was it, my son, in your letters, you spoke of 'De Brandt' and the 'marquis,' if no such persons existed?"

"Such was the title that Nell assumed, father, while he was on the continent, for his own peculiar reasons. He travelled in *coq*, and was known as De Brandt, from adopting the official family name of his second wife. As to title of nobility, he doesn't need it, particularly; he is noble enough in all the qualities that go to make up an honorable and good man."

"But why did he deceive you?"

"That was a part of his plan as he explained to you. He would trust nobody but himself and his second wife, and he was with his secret. He desired to prove Wilford, and perhaps he entertained a similar feeling towards me. I never asked the question."

"I am not sorry that it has turned out precisely as it has," continued the old Manfred. "You are now more nearly the equal—at least in station—of Horace, to whom you are about to be wedded. In point of fortune, you will have

a generous settlement, of course, though I understand that Nell's daughter will be very wealthy from her mother's side. This is all convenient and fortunate, and I am glad you do not have to contend with 'title' in your future life."

"As to the matter of the *marquis*, no one here knows anything of it at all," added young Manfred. "It is common in Europe for people of all grades to adopt such names or titles as may suit their pleasure from time to time; especially when flitting about from place to place on the continent. I never attached any importance to it myself, and I am perfectly satisfied to take my horse and never say reference to her stepfather's acts, which I never doubted he had good cause for."

"You are content, so am I. You know my opinion of mere nominal 'nobility,' Roswell. Let it pass."

This subject was never again called up, and the family were known thenceforward only as the Neells.

Among the guests who arrived about this time at Burton House, was a party from London, in which the adorable Miss Simpson was included. Her late extraordinary partiality for *rouge* and *canard* had rendered her really pass in personal appearance, though she was still handsome and more languidly silly than ever. She was always welcome at Burton House, because old Manfred fancied all sorts of people, and he declared that Charlotte helped to make up the variety. "The rich relation from whose death she entertained her pecuniary expectations, was still hale and hearty—though she looked for the good old lady's demise, at the same time or other, provided she didn't die before her."

Neel and his daughters made an exceedingly good impression both upon Manfred's family, and in the society they encountered. All the high contracting parties to the approaching nuptials were now domiciled at the residence of Manfred, and it was finally arranged that the two weddings—young Manfred with Horace, and Helen with Wilford, should take place at Burton House.

A fine old estate in the neighborhood was quickly purchased by Neel as a marriage present to his daughter. It was forthwith renovated and refurnished in appropriate style, and was christened De Brandt Hall, in honor of his wife's family name.

"And this is the painter that was here some months ago? Is it not, Manfred?" asked Miss Simpson, soon after reaching Burton House, and unexpectedly seeing Wilford in the drawing-room.

"Yes, it is Wilford, the artist."

"Yes, I see," she continued. "I don't think he has improved much in his looks since I saw him last. I hope he improves in his art."

"He has done so, greatly, I assure you."

"Well, there was need of it, verily."

"I think he always possessed a goodly share of talent, for his age."

"That is a matter of opinion, then."

"Don't you think so, Charlotte?" continued Manfred.

"He was so-so, only. He wanted to paint my portrait, that is, he asked me to sit for him two years ago—but I didn't think it worth my while, and I declined. He remembers it, I think, for he hasn't spoken to me, yet, since my arrival."

"O you misapprehend me, I assure you, charming Nell Neel!"

"I have not seen the lady yet. She has a queer taste. Is Miss Neel now as wealthy as she is reputed to be?"

"Yes, her expectations are large. Come, let me present you."

The showy Miss Simpson was escorted across the drawing-room, and Manfred said:

"Wilford, Miss Simpson. You remember her?"

"Simpson—Simpson," said the artist. "Yes—yes. I recollect having seen the lady before. He bowed, and turning to Horace and her mother, he continued:

"Now ladies, allow me."

They each took an arm of his, and the trio immediately sauntered out upon the terrace. Miss Simpson never took the slightest notice, apparently, of this cold shoulder proceeding, but Wilford was awestruck.

A week afterwards, agreeably to arrangement, a splendid soiree was given at Burton House, at the close of which the chaplain of the town appeared, and the lovers were united in marriage. Agreeably with his promise, as the parties were about entering the grand saloon where the ceremony was to be performed, young Manfred added towards Nell, and said:

"You remember, Nell, when we left Beatty Head, after Wilford's recovery, that I promised you to marry to add a title to the gift I made your father at that time?"

Nelly had not forgotten this.

"When I made that offer, I did not think you would be wedded at Burton House, and that Wilford would be the bridegroom, surely. But here he is the bridegroom; accept it—we shall soon be related as brother and sister-in-law."

A beautiful diamond necklace followed this remark, which Manfred had purchased for the occasion, and which he had not intended to wear himself. It needed no ornament, however. Nature had formed sweet Nell in a mould of perfection!

The newly wedded couple removed at once to De Brandt Hall, accompanied by Neel, his wife, and his family. For several days after the region round about rang with the music, the hilarity, and the joy attendant upon the event. And notwithstanding the fact that the Manfreds did not find themselves congenitally connected in marriage with nobility, yet they were content with Horace, who proved a model of a wife and a charmingly companionable lady.

The diamond ring which now graced the wedding finger of the fair Helen, and which it will not be forgotten was Wilford's gift to her, at the moment of their first parting, was originally the property of Wilford's mother; and the initials which were engraved upon it, were those of his mother's maiden name. He had treasured it, sacredly, up to the moment when he was about to leave the light-house, and parted with it then, only because he had no other means save words, at that time, of exhibiting to Nelly his appreciation of her kindness to him.

A superb horse soon followed the two weddings. Neel was "happy enough for a commoner," while Wilford was quite as "happy as a lord." The circle of society into which the new comers found themselves introduced, was a brilliant coterie of wealth, and beauty and fashion. And, long after these fortunate nuptials, when the sparkling wine was humming in the goblets at "De Brandt Hall," the standing toast was "Health and Happiness to Nell Neel, the LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE!"

THE END.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SONG OF OTHER YEARS.

BY ANNE COOK, JR.

O sing that song of other years,

O sing that song for me,

Like sunshine came that sunny day,

It banished all my gloom.

How many a thought came with that song

Of brighter, happier hours,

When life was in its early spring

Of sunshine and of flowers!

Then sing again that song for me;

How many a thought came with that strain,

Of those we loved and loved—

Of joys that never can come again.

VIDUOQ AND THE FORGER.

VIDUOQ, the chief of the Paris police, was an old man, and his personal qualities scarcely struck as those which were the most adapted to the office which he had so long filled in Paris. But, after sitting with him for some time, I began to realize the man more truly to be a much more accurate estimate of his qualification for it. His gray eye was as quick and steady as a cat's. Did you look away from him for a minute, when your glance again fell upon him, when you were taking your mental measure. No sooner, however, did you meet them, than they seemed away into a purely indifferent speculation. Scarcely had you become interested in anything your friend was saying, than they were again fixed upon the subject of the moment, and examining your expression. Of course, he could have had no idea that either my companion or myself were prospectors, and yet I had a very successful impression that he was thinking so, and meditating on the pleasure which he would have experienced in arresting us. This naturally could not be construed to make me feel very agreeably towards him.

"It was as a student of human nature, however, that I had visited him. Consequently my leg did not run away with me, although it must be confessed, that once or twice my mind felt very much inclined to prompt an immediate evasion."

His attire was as singular as the most of the addition to the scratch-wig which I have previously alluded to, and which, as my memory serves me right, color was a reddish tawny, he wore a brown dress coat, cut in a very large, loose, and baggy style. Such a coat was it, a Frenchman's perception. It was, however, new, but looked as if it had not been brushed for some time. Perhaps it may have been so from the time he first ordered it. A large ball waistcoat, as loose, and almost as large, gave trousers cut to suit, and a pair of boots, of a dark, heavy, ill-made shape, completed the remainder of his attire. He was evidently, in his age, disposed more to consider the ease and comfort of his person, than to calculate on the ocular effect which he might produce upon a comparative stranger to him and his style of dress. As my eyes ran over his person and his clothing, I could not help remarking upon the extraordinary ability which his man must have evinced in disguising himself so completely, as to remove every vestige of his actual nature from his external appearance, and revivifying the countless stories which I had heard of his hair-brained escapades in the pursuit of his vocation.

"One of these he on that evening told us, and it was of such a daring character, and so brief that I could hardly remember it, save that it was connected with the French police—the chief had been during the earlier portion of the French Revolution—and while he was one of the chiefs in connection with the *Central Bureau*, information had come to his ears respecting a complex system of forgery which had been going on for some months in the capital of France, and which the police had as yet been unable to trace to its actual authors, although it was the utterance of them had been detected, tried, and sentenced to the *Galies*. This information appeared to bring them home to an Alsatian, who had been residing in Paris for the last year or more. By a series of skilful manoeuvres, which Viduq detailed to us, he was at last identified as the principal agent in the system of fraud which had been going on."

"So large was it, that it had defrauded the principal banks of more than a quarter of a million of francs in the last two or three months."

"He necessarily could at once have been arrested and punished, but Viduq had experienced so much difficulty in tracing the matter to him, and doubted so much whether his arrest would break up the gang, that he felt when the hour arrived he must make a clean sweep, and capture the whole of them. For this purpose the Alsatian was watched carefully. Nothing, however, was discovered. He was not out at all times of the day, frequent the theatres, amuse himself as a man of pleasure will do, and return to his house at an hour late in the evening, but by no means late enough to give any idea to those who had managed to elude the attention of the police officials who had been watching him. Moreover, he had taken care to give any idea to those who had been watching him, by placing a spy on his own system of espionage, and was perfectly certain that no attempt would be made to cheat him through his own men."

"Matters were thus, when it was discovered that a *leisure* in the retirement, of which the Alsatian occupied the first floor, was politically compromised in one of the numerous conspiracies to ensure the restoration of the Bourbons. He was immediately arrested by Viduq himself and another officer, who was deputized by the superior to take him to his location—the said location being a prison, although he did not say so at that time. Meanwhile, as the *leisure* had been made in the affair—I am using his own expression—he warned the porter of the house not to mention the matter to any one, and for the purpose of examining the locality. At first, he said that it had struck him the gentleman who had been arrested might have been compromised in the matter of the forged checks on the leading banking houses of Paris, but a glance at the very apparent pecuniary difficulties of his apartment, at once dispelled the idea. Convinced, however, that the forger was connected in the house, he determined on his mode

of proceeding, and with a piece of twice accurately measured every portion of the apartments in which he then was. They were there, and exactly over those occupied by the Alsatian. After waiting until he had seen him quit his apartments, he descended, and stopping at the door, he told the porter to admit him to the chambers of this gentleman."

"I have no key," said the domestic."

"How is that?"

"Monsieur said that I had allowed others to enter his chamber, and complained that something had been stolen from them. In consequence of this he had another lock placed upon the door. I mentioned it to the *propriétaire*, who said that he had no objection."

"Then you had better follow me. He consequently ascended the stairs, examined the lock, and producing a bunch of keys, found one that fitted it. The door opened, and he went in. There was no defect in the measurement of the rooms. They corresponded exactly with those which were over them. A closed in the bed-chamber was locked. This also he opened. It was vacant, but his eye at once noticed a trap-door in the floor."

"Where does that lead to?"

"It is new, Monsieur."

"I see it is," said Viduq, closing the door. "Who have the apartments been let to?"

"I assure you, Monsieur, was the trembling reply of the porter, 'that I really know nothing about them—'"

"Answer me," was the response of Viduq.

"An old lady with two daughters, Monsieur, I can testify to you that they are very quiet and respectable."

"Viduq again cut him short. 'What is their occupation?' was his question."

"Nothing, Monsieur."

"How do they live, then?"

"Upon their rents, Monsieur."

"O! very well. I have been told I will return in less than half an hour, and arrest them. You will in the meantime accompany me to the *Bureau* of Police."

"As he said, it was done, and Viduq had the satisfaction of discovering two men in the inner apartment, under the bed-room occupied by the Alsatian. It was also fitted up with a cruet bed, and a small, but complete printing-press, and contained the whole of the plates necessary for the manufacture of the forged checks upon some of the principal banking-houses in Paris. The men and the three women were of course arrested, but Viduq did not remove them, as he wished to give their principal possibility of obtaining a hint which might lead to the chance of his escape. He then once more ascended to the apartment of the Alsatian, and closed the door on himself in the inner chamber. It was now late in the evening, but the forger did not return until he was past eleven o'clock. He was dressed in a new coat, and a new pair of trousers, and changed his coat for a rough kind of jacket. While he did so, Viduq had the opportunity of observing him. He was built with enormous muscular strength, and Viduq began to imagine that he might have miscalculated his own capacity of dealing with him. However, assistance was near, and he made up his mind to act. As the Alsatian went to and unlocked the cabinet, he bent down over the trap. At this instant the Chief of Police—Viduq—was in the room, and he was chief or not—praying upon him, and gave the signal for those below to mount the stairs."

The struggle was short and fierce. Taken at disadvantage as he was, the muscles of the Alsatian enabled him to get the better of his opponent, when he was seized at the throat, and he was just as Viduq heard his companions rush up the stairs. Unluckily, the forger had bolted door, and he was not in the room. They were obliged to break it open."

This had made the chance of Viduq for life an amazingly narrow one. His friend from Alsace had placed out of the way a quantity of his waistcoat, and cocked it. While he was doing so, Viduq had managed to release one of his arms. But for this, he would have been a dead man. As it was, the ball pierced through his shoulder, giving him a very unpleasant little reminder of the affair of the *Galies*, and the next few weeks. The gentleman from Alsace, of course, went to the *Galies*, and had the pleasure of passing the remainder of his life in the occupation of the *les trousseaux* from—*From* you have heard of them."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was an English boy of mean and diminutive appearance, and behind all other boys of his age, and who was called at that time Sir Isaac Newton. It was believed that this boy would become only a bungler of some kind, for surely the soul of learning was not in him.

At the age of twelve he was brought in the character and fortune of the youth that had never obtained a "reward of merit," and was regarded by teacher and scholar as a boy who was only a bungler of some kind, for surely the soul of learning was not in him.

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(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

SONG.

BY W. B. SPAN.

There's music in the sea,
That darts on the shore
When the combed waves return
To lave the beach once more.
But the happy silver sound
From the mountains above,
O the music of heaven
Is the music I love.

There's music in the clouds
So airy, light and free;
They seem to glide along
To hidden mystery.
But the happy silver sound,
From the mountains above,
O the music of heaven
Is the music I love.

There's music in the storm
That sweeps along the vale,
When the wild their revels hold
In the fierce and wintry gale.
But the happy silver sound
From the mountains above,
O the music of heaven
Is the music I love.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

LA TARANTULA.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

ST. GERONIMO'S DAY.

It was scarce past the meridian of a warm summer's day, when from the inn of old Gaspar Varni, underneath the heights of Sorrento, might have been heard the sound of violas, and the deep notes of the bassoon ringing clear in the midst of the clashing of myriads. Music and careless mirth, the never failing concomitants of an Italian holiday, were here in full ascendency; for the birthday of the portly host happening to fall on the anniversary of St. Geronimo, the yearly festival which served to celebrate the two in one, was a matter of no small interest to the villagers. The dining-room was filled almost to suffocation, and it was a matter admitting of doubt, whether the chagrined few who chanced by lateness of arrival, or other causes, to be excluded from seats at table, were not to be envied rather than pitted in the endurance of their deprivation.

Such a doubt, perhaps, was entertained by an individual dressed in a peasant's frock and a slouched hat, who, passing in the open doorway, regarded the mixed assembly with a half smile, nor wanting a certain superciliousness which in other circumstances would have provoked instant observation. Now, however, the full swing of common enjoyment rendered every one blind to what the looker-on took no trouble to conceal. Nor did he at all lower his disdainful regard, when a veteran clad in a sort of military dress, arose from the opposite side of the tables, and waving a wine-cup in his hand, drew on himself the general attention.

"Comrades," he said, "I give to you, Napoleon! my noble master, who, six years ago, delivered me with his own hand the shoulder-knot of a sergeant of the guard. Napoleon!—the soldier's true friend, and the greatest man on earth. Green be his memory forever!"

The words were scarce out of his mouth, when a youth, some twenty years of age, sprang up and hastily replied:

"What right hast thou, Jean Maret, thus to celebrate in our midst, the praises of our tyrant? Dost thou deem our spirits dead to all generous emotion? A curse on the usurper who burned our country with fire, and poured out the blood of its children like water! May just Heaven pour down indignation on his head!"

This speech produced an instant commotion. Angry words were bandied back and forth, and bright steel already flashed in the light, when the sturdy voice of old Gaspar surmounted the din:

"What means this tumult?" he cried. "Shall a few wine-warmed words thus set you all agog, my merry men? Come, you forget yourselves in giving way to such caustic rags. And thou, Gualtiero, leave thy saucy quips. How darest thou thus spoil good cheer?"

The youth, with a griefed countenance, turned to go.

"Tis not," he said, "that I fear for threats, especially from Master Jean. Yet since thou commandest, I needs must yield."

So saying, he passed out of the door, while the tumult having ceased, a whisper went round the room:

"Gaspar has a fine daughter; 'tis she who commands through him."

The mirth, for a moment rudely stayed, again proceeded. Goblets clinked and wine flowed merrily, till the host, striking his hand on the table, again addressed the company:

"Good people and neighbors all," he said, "I pledge you here my future son-in-law. Drink deep then; the wine is good, I trust, and at all events the toast merits our good will."

The wine was forthwith lifted to lip, and at the word, the generous liquid, blushing with deeper hue than even did the landlord's jolly nose, was drained to the uttermost drop, and the cups, turned bottom up, were replaced on the board. As the ring of the metal ceased, Master Jean, grizzle-haired and scarred with the marks of war, rose up and grimly smiled around. "Mate," he said, "I am not apt at making fine speeches, though I can find as many thanks as another. I'll give you then, my jolly host and his sweet daughter. Then he, no better rules the roast between here and the salt sea. And what maiden can compare with her in loveliness?"

This speech was received with the most decided applause by the rest of the company, who seemed eager to evince their approbation of all things at present said and done, by steadfast application to the festivities of the occasion.

Meantime, far removed from their boisterous cheer, sat within her little chamber the maiden, weeping at thought of the treasured marriage-day, towards which the hours were rapidly hastening.

"O, Gualtiero!" such were the thoughts which she murmured, "shall I be able to support life

soever removed from thee? Alas! the fate which so ruthlessly severs our mutual loves!"

Meanwhile, Gualtiero roamed the hills, his heart swelling with sadness. What use in longer adherence to home and the lowly shepherd's lot? No, he would no longer tamely submit to poverty and the contempt which it entailed on its victim. The moment was now arrived when he must bid adieu to Rosa, loved in vain, and to Sorrento, spot hitherto so loved and lovely. Thus musing, he began to trace on the sandy soil a rude outline, which certainly bore a striking resemblance to Rosa's prattling features.

"Well done, Master Gualtiero!" suddenly exclaimed a strange voice.

The startled youth looked up, and in so doing cast his eye on a face which seemed not altogether unknown to his remembrance. The stranger possessed a visage bold and finely formed, a piercing eye, and a strongly-marked mouth set beneath a classic nose; while his tawny coat of life exposed to daily wind, and sun, and rain.

"Art thou a student of the art which is our country's pride?" continued the latter, "or does love inspire the skill which thou hast here displayed?"

"I am no student," Gualtiero replied; "and yet I daily try, in my unknowing way, to counterfeit the forms which I see."

"It were pity then," rejoined the other, "that such as thou shouldst idly waste those talents which when duly trained would surely bring thee their owner fame and wealth. Suppose for instance that some great lord, or other noble patron of the arts, should send thee a couple of years to Rome?—but I forget. Perchance the maid whom thou hast pictured here, might intrude her pretty face to spoil so fair a plan?"

"Alas!" said Gualtiero, quickly, "she is not for me. And though I see that you are jesting, I tell you truly that I would go where any chance might lead me, so that I might never see her or Sorrento again."

"I do not jest," answered the stranger. "Indeed, I know your story already. I was present just now at the inn, when you and Jean Maret fell at variance. And, friend Gualtiero, I know of a certain lord who I am confident will do you the office which your talents require. He is a Russian prince, of generous hand, although of a somewhat rough exterior. Take courage; perchance affairs may have a better turn. And if the Russian, as no doubt he will, shall take thee under his wing, mayhap old Gaspar's purpose may yield some grace to thy ill-fortuned love. He home then, and wait a little for the flood of fortune. I've faith that thy ill luck will shortly change to good."

The stranger turned away. Gualtiero, in mute surprise, watched his steps a while, and then hastened along the winding path which led him back to his own cottage door.

CHAPTER II.

PAS SEUL BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon hung high in silver light above the village and the quiet mews when any wayfarer, when a gallant train came in order down the unfrequented street. Appareled gaily, each cavalier wore rousure and belt, and in their midst they bore a prisoner—the veteran Jean. Reaching at length the grassy market-place, they halted and formed a ring, in the midst of which they placed their captive. Some of the number drew from underneath their short cloaks instruments of music, while others cleared their throats as if about to sing. Presently there stepped apart a masked form, who thus gave command in a rude sort of rhyme:

"Holla my merry mountaineers,
Prepare a festive bore,
Our gallant friend will measure trip
While we sing away."

Each other marker thereupon drew a rapier, and turned its point to centre.

"Unhilt the captive, give him room;
Now, friend, pray mind your play;
Strike up, my lads, and heed your time,
And merrily troll away."

At the word, the others commenced in deep, hoarse voices:

"An old grey beard a woolen cap,
Lads! la! la! la!
With plenty of brass, but little brains,
Tira la la!"

"Merrily round we go,
Merrily,
All in a circle O,
Cheerily!"

Light jostled was the gallant grey,
La! la! la!
And who so blithe as he I pray?
Tira la la!"

"Merrily round we go,
Alas! the change of time and tide,
Alas! la! la!
That gallant's joy to grief should glide,
Tira la la!"

"Trip on, friend Jean," the leader said;
"thou largest wretchedly. Let me spirit thee
with this good steel rod; 'twill move thee most
famously."

Jean Maret, in spite of himself, discovered great agility on this occasion. He could hardly have moved with more readiness in the rustic cotillon among the village lads and lasses. Nevertheless, not a few oaths escaped him, doubly provoked as he was by the composure of his tormentors, and the laughter of the surrounding spectators. But swifter still flew the brisk burden, "Tira la la!"

"Good people all," the chief now said, "we have piped this man to play, and now that we the pipes have tuned, 'tis his purse should pay."

"Villain!" replied the veteran, testily, "ye shall not have a duit!"

"Good luck, our friend's not satisfied," returned the mask. "And yet we've done our best. Well then, Jean Maret, we will offer you a change. Doubtless you have seen the dance which is inspired by the bite of our famous black spider. Let us see if our good steel may

not be able to supply the place of the spider. Come then, my lads, strike up! 'La Tarantula!'"

Again Jean was forced to display his powers of agility, as few the music and the accompanying voices, onward and still on, with ever-increasing rapidity. At length his obstinacy was overcome, as much by the absurdity of the affair as by his personal inconvenience.

"Case, casey," he cried; "I have done with this, and the money you demand shall be forthcoming. A pack of fiends were better companions, I trow, than your blackamoor troop. Let me on then, and I will lead you to my cash-box, and after you have there satisfied yourselves, I pray you to go your ways like honest thieves, as you are."

"Take heed what you say, Jean," replied the chief masker. "We are honest, that is true enough, and we only want a fair payment for our services. Our hand never performs for a less price than a thousand crowns, nor will we ask more than this of a worthy soldier like yourself. So lead the way, my friend, we follow close on your steps."

With jingling steel and shrilly pipe, the troop retreated in course, till on arriving at the lodging-place of Jean Maret, the latter paid down the needed coin, including himself while counting out the coin in various heavy obligations which he seemed to add little to the amusement of his hearers. Meanwhile, from mouth to mouth, among the villagers, who gathered round the scene, passed the whispered murmur:

"Sartello, the bandit chief, and his followers!" The phrase thus uttered turned to the shrieking crowd, and lifting the mask from his face, he addressed them thus:

"Good friends, our play is finished. The players through me, desire to make you their most respectful bow, thanking you for your good company. We rejoice to see that you are pleased with our endeavors for your amusement, and will hope that when next we have chance to meet, we may therein be as fortunate as now."

At the word, each of the troop made a low obeisance, and with their leader, quickly retreated from the village. By slow degrees, the streets were cleared, though here and there a few lingered along to talk over the occurrences of the night. It was not till near the dawn of morn that the village again became quiet, when in the early dew, a carriage drove swiftly up to the inn, the door of which the coachman, having leaped from his seat, banged with might and main. At length old Gaspar thrust his night-capped head from an upper window.

"What means this cursed din?" he angrily exclaimed.

"Come down—come down!" the coachman replied, in a gruff voice. "Here is Prince Rekovski waiting at your door."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the landlord, withdrawing his head in a flutter. "It can be no common prince, this, with such a jaw-breaking name. Here Francesco, Rosa, wife, all of you! hurry, haste down stairs as quickly as you can!"

The household were quickly arrayed, the doors were unlocked, and Gualtiero, too, himself were under the prince, who had just descended from the carriage. The Russian lord—for any one would have known him as such by his appearance—possessed a long beard, thick eyebrows, and eyes, whose look was chiefly a cold and imperious stare.

"He must be monstrous rich," thought Gaspar, "he has such a snarling way with him."

The coachman, who seemed also to serve as interpreter, now addressed the host in tolerable Italian, easy enough to be understood, though interspersed now and then with some queer sounding words:

"The prince wishes to breakfast. Quick then! bring a turkey, a quart of brandy, a cup of fat, a good cheese pie, and a mince-pie's tongue."

The landlord was flurried with astonishment and respect.

"O, servant of a mighty lord!" he said, "our larder is to-day somewhat scant, for crowds of guests have secured our house of all its choicest fare. But we will give you the very best we have, if you will deign to accept it."

The coachman seemed disturbed, but consulted the prince, who answered him with a frown and a growl of foreign words.

"Mine host!" rejoined the interpreter, "the prince doth condescend to accept. But be sure, whatever else fails, that the brandy is good."

The coachman and his master now engaged themselves in a harsh-sounding conversation, wherein one would have judged that the vowels were far less plentiful than the consonants. Near half an hour thus passed, when—wondrous speed!—a half-cooked fowl was placed on the table, together with olives, grapes, and sour brown bread. The Russian lord upon seeing this rare repast spread before him, gave vent to what sounded very like a Slavonic invective, but nevertheless plunged his knife into the midst of the fowl, and carved and growled, and growled and carved, till he had secured his portion, and then, with a silent appeal of the eyes. The priest now arrived, and all was made ready, Gualtiero looking on with a heated brain, and a feverish sickness gnawing at his heart. He was only able to see a single lovely face, in which a sudden sadness seemed to dim its former smiling glare.

"Why wait we?" blurted exclaimed Jean Maret. "The priest awaits, the bride is ready. Gualtiero Masani, come forward; Rosa has chosen you as bridesman."

"Sound!" replied Gualtiero, "dare no jest with me, else your life may fall you before your wedding is over."

"My doing may be near at hand," returned Jean; "but I fear much that Rosa will hardly be my bride. Go, fair maid, and lead this stubborn youth hence. If she fail, I think that thou wilt be able to hold him captive."

Rosa sprang from the porch to meet Gualtiero. Flinging her lily arms about his neck, he had reclining on his breast:

"Thou art mine," she said; "whether poor or rich, it is the same to me. Pardon this decree; it was not my will to give thee needless pain."

"How is this?" Gualtiero was with difficulty able to say. "Your bride!"

waits two years against Gualtiero's safe return."

"Ahem!" exclaimed the somewhat surprised landlord. "How comes it that you know of this? And yet the girl grieves sorely. I will take you to her word."

The courier nodded and spoke to his master, who, with a pompous air, told in his open hand the glittering gold, which was soon transferred to Gaspar's eager grasp.

"And now where is this same Gualtiero?" inquired the courier. "Bring him hither as quickly as possible. I doubt not, when he hears of his advancement, that he will leap for joy."

The youth presently arrived. The courier informed him of the matter in hand, while the prince nodded his head most graciously, and smiled so grim a smile that all the servants looked on dumfounded.

"Haste," said the courier to Gualtiero, "pack up your knapsack as quickly as may be, and bid Rosa adieu, for it is time that we were on the road for Rome. There thou shalt undertake the painter's art, and work for fame and bread. And, if all works prosperously, you shall soon be able to wed the fairest maid of all the land."

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

The two years had elapsed, when on a bright June afternoon, a weary pilgrim halted within a grove which overlooked the village of Sorrento. He gazed around for a moment, as if in expectation of some one, and then sat down upon a mossy stone.

"It was here," said he, "that he bade me wait on my return. And yet—"

"He is with you," said Sartello, the scraggy land behind which he had concealed himself. "What cheer brings you from Rome, my gallant lad? 'Tis true, thy look is lofter and more manly now, whatever fortune thou hast had."

"Kind friend," replied the youth, "I say that I have had both good and ill fortune; though mostly good, if thou dost agree with my opinion. I bring, through intercession of the pope, a pardon from our king. And thou and thine, if henceforth ye are pleased to remain at peace, will be accepted by the law which now holds your lives forfeit."

Sartello grasped with a vice-like pressure the hand which the youth held out.

"I am well repaid, Gualtiero, for what little I have done in thy behalf, since thou hast thus brought me my heart's desire. No more will we roam the land, outlaws from honest men. We will till and freely live, scatheless and void of care. But of thyself, what speed? say quickly."

The youth frankly smiled. "My pocket is rather light," he said, "although my hopes are not. I have gained some honor, whatever its worth may be. And now, how fares the gentle maid whom I so long to see?"

"Ah," replied Sartello, shaking his head sadly, "these women are indeed a puzzle. I fear much that Rosa's mind has changed since your departure. Alas, as the poets say, is love's worst hand. But let her go, Gualtiero; fairer charms than hers will soon ease your pain."

Gualtiero stood for a moment as colorless as marble.

"Is this the reward," he said, at length, "of all my weary toil?"

"Pray comfort yourself," replied his friend.

"I may well tell you the worst at once. They say that her wedding dress is prepared. Gaspar Maret's gold and the importunities of old Gaspar, have been too much, and for her feeble resolution."

A single tear fell from Gualtiero, notwithstanding the proud composure of his lips.

"Let it be so," said he. "I will make no words about it. Neither will I shun her sight. I will face it out, and shame them who think to flout me thus."

"Bravo, my lad!" exclaimed Sartello. "I find that you are of the true stuff. So come along; the hour is already near, when she is to change her name. I feared at first to tell you the tale, but am glad to learn that my fears were needless."

Gualtiero's burning cheek might have shown the pain which ragged within his breast; but, nevertheless, he accompanied Sartello with a firm and confident step till they reached the inn where the guests had already begun to assemble. In the porch, by the side of Jean Maret, sat Rosa, with a few flowers in her hair, her countenance as sweet to view as the first blush of a May morn. But when she met the fiery glance which Gualtiero cast upon her, she seemed abashed, and half turned toward her companion, with a silent appeal of the eyes. The priest now arrived, and all was made ready, Gualtiero looking on with a heated brain, and a feverish sickness gnawing at his heart. He was only able to see a single lovely face, in which a sudden sadness seemed to dim its former smiling glare.

"Why wait we?" blurted exclaimed Jean Maret. "The priest awaits, the bride is ready. Gualtiero Masani, come forward; Rosa has chosen you as bridesman."

"Sound!" replied Gualtiero, "dare no jest with me, else your life may fall you before your wedding is over."

"My doing may be near at hand," returned Jean; "but I fear much that Rosa will hardly be my bride. Go, fair maid, and lead this stubborn youth hence. If she fail, I think that thou wilt be able to hold him captive."

Rosa sprang from the porch to meet Gualtiero. Flinging her lily arms about his neck, he had reclining on his breast:

"Thou art mine," she said; "whether poor or rich, it is the same to me. Pardon this decree; it was not my will to give thee needless pain."

"How is this?" Gualtiero was with difficulty able to say. "Your bride!"

"Come, your place!" interrupted Jean. "There, take her hand. How darest you are! It seems to me that after all I should make the readiest groom of the two."

"Not so!" exclaimed Gualtiero. "But I must not allow you to be deceived, however little my tale may profit me."

"Hold then a moment," Sartello cried. "Your hand, friend Jean; I think you bear no ill-will. Or if you do, the settlement will postpone, till this present affair shall be concluded. Here, then, in this bag which I deliver you, you will find a thousand crowns, a forced loan to aid Gualtiero's studious years; and with the sum, five hundred crowns by way of interest. I encased the Russian on a certain occasion, a counterfeit lord, and yet not altogether so, as you will see when you have heard my story. Four years ago, I held the title of Prince of Cornaro, where, in the midst of a beautiful country, upheld the privileges of a lord. But one luckless day I joined a secret band, which sought to change the rule by which Italy was swayed. We failed, and I was forced to fly my native towers, to roam the mountain depths as the chief of lawless men. My wide estates were confiscated to the service of the crown. But this noble youth has now obtained for me a full pardon from the king for all past misdeeds. The sovereign also freely restores to me my former rank and possessions."

He ceased, and every voice was raised in applause.

"Hail, Prince of Cornaro!" was the general exclamation. "Prince," cried Jean Maret, "I give you thanks for the thousand crowns. The old five hundred I will give towards Rosa's dowry."

"Nay," rejoined the prince; "the half thou mayst; it is all that thou canst be permitted, for I desire to find some room to add to Rosa's store."

"It was here," said he, "that he bade me wait on my return. And yet—"

"He is with you," said Sartello, the scraggy land behind which he had concealed himself. "What cheer brings you from Rome, my gallant lad? 'Tis true, thy look is lofter and more manly now, whatever fortune thou hast had."

"Kind friend," replied the youth, "I say that I have had both good and ill fortune; though mostly good, if thou dost agree with my opinion. I bring, through intercession of the pope, a pardon from our king. And thou and thine, if henceforth ye are pleased to remain at peace, will be accepted by the law which now holds your lives forfeit."

Sartello grasped with a vice-like pressure the hand which the youth held out.

"I am well repaid, Gualtiero, for what little I have done in thy behalf, since thou hast thus brought me my heart's desire. No more will we roam the land, outlaws from honest men. We will till and freely live, scatheless and void of care. But of thyself, what speed? say quickly."

The youth frankly smiled. "My pocket is rather light," he said, "although my hopes are not. I have gained some honor, whatever its worth may be. And now, how fares the gentle maid whom I so long to see?"

"Ah," replied Sartello, shaking his head sadly, "these women are indeed a puzzle. I fear much that Rosa's mind has changed since your departure. Alas, as the poets say, is love's worst hand. But let her go, Gualtiero; fairer charms than hers will soon ease your pain."

Gualtiero stood for a moment as colorless as marble.

"Is this the reward," he said, at length, "of all my weary toil?"

"Pray comfort yourself," replied his friend.

"I may well tell you the worst at once. They say that her wedding dress is prepared. Gaspar Maret's gold and the importunities of old Gaspar, have been too much, and for her feeble resolution."

A single tear fell from Gualtiero, notwithstanding the proud composure of his lips.

"Let it be so," said he. "I will make no words about it. Neither will I shun her sight. I will face it out, and shame them who think to flout me thus."

"Bravo, my lad!" exclaimed Sartello. "I find that you are of the true stuff. So come along; the hour is already near, when she is to change her name. I feared at first to tell you the tale, but am glad to learn that my fears were needless."

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INDIGESTIBILITY OF SOUP.

It is asserted by a late medical writer, that soup, with the exception of the vegetable and cream soups, is the most indigestible of all food, and is entirely indigestible in the stomachs of children. The stomach digests only solid food, even milk being coagulated into a curd to undergo the process, and yet there are many farmers who have long since given up the idea of raising fine calves on hay, who give their children soup for dinner, under the idea that it is very nourishing.

At Lowell, Miss Adie W., daughter of Deacon A. Merriam, 22.
At Worcester, Mr. Levi Clapp, 61.
At New Bedford, Mrs. Rebecca, widow of Capt. I. Tobey, 82.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
DO WHAT GOOD YOU CAN.

BY MISS R. W. WILSON.

I would not pass from earth away,
And leave no trace behind;
I wish to feel that I have been
Of service to mankind;
For what is life, without a heart
To sympathize with those
Whose stern sadfate hath sealed,
And crushed with bitter woes?

I carry out the grandest thing
That sits upon a throne,
Who hath not charity to make
His subjects' waste his own;
Nor would I for a moment yield
That treasure of the soul,
Which ever teacheth peace and love,
To gain the earth's control.

How grateful should the rich appear,
With wealth at their command;
That they should stretch toward the poor
A firm and helping hand;
And if it chance to be our lot
To grace a lowly sphere,
Yet noble acts we may perform,
Though trifling they appear.

A kindly word—a gentle smile—
A sympathetic look—
May soothe the sinking, aching heart,
And banish clouds of sorrow.

Ah, we should so attempt to live,
While here on earth we stay,
That failure we may be Death
Shall summon us away!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LONG-BOAT, AND ITS CREW.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

Own pleasant evening while our ship was lying at Naples, a small party of us were enjoying a social time at a cafe on the Stradadi Toledo. Among our number was an old quarter-master named Ben Wallace. He had passed through almost every grade of life during the long years he had spent on earth, and now in his old age, he found a home in our navy, as "signal-quarter-master," and a faithful officer he was. He had in his lifetime known more than one fortune, but he never knew how to lay up money. He could earn, but he could not keep. For many years in his younger days, he had commanded some of the finest ships that sailed out of the States, and now he spent much of his time on ship-board in teaching navigation.

The evening had fairly set in, and after we had eaten our supper, we went out upon one of the broad balconies that overlooked the street and sat down to smoke and chat. At length the idea was broached that our old quarter-master should give us a story from his own experience. He hesitated at first, but after a little coaxing he threw away his cigar, and after having fortified himself with a generous glass of tobacco he related to us the following incident in his own experience.

"It is now nearly forty years ago that I had command of the ship Isaac Walsingham. She was a good craft, and an excellent sea boat. I sailed her from New York, and was bound first to Rio, and then to Canton. I made a first-rate trip to Rio, and then I took in a heavy cargo, and then up anchor for the Indies. We had been at sea from this last place about three weeks, without having to even tack ship, but there was a worse fate in store for us. One evening when I came up from my cabin, I noticed that the atmosphere felt curiously, and that the sails were flapping against the masts. My mate told me that the wind had been gone about half an hour, and that he expected it would come out from some other quarter as soon as the sun was fairly down.

"I looked off to the westward, and saw that the sun was setting in a red, fiery haze, just as though a great city or forest were all burning up about it. I watched that sign for some time, and then went back to my cabin and looked at my barometer. I found that the mercury had fallen nearly an inch. As quick as possible I hurried on deck and ordered all the light sails to be taken in and the spars sent down. The men seemed to have an intuitive perception of the approach of a storm of some kind, for they sprang to the work with a will, and in a very few minutes we had the old ship under three topsails, close-reefed and a storm-mizen and fore-topsail.

"In half an hour after the sun had gone down, it seemed to be hard work to talk and breathe, the atmosphere was so light and rarified. The men knew now well enough what was coming, for without any orders they began to rave life-lines fore and aft. The sea set about seven o'clock, and at eight we began to feel the coming of the storm. First there came a low, moaning sound, very much like the wail of a child, only more deep and grum. This grew louder, and directly we felt light puffs of cool wind strike upon our cheeks, and the topsails began to feel it. These weren't like the fresh puffs of healthy breeze, but they felt chilly, and almost touched us as does the spark from an electrical machine. I heard the roar growing louder, and I began to be afraid it might knock us down, so I got the ship to heel, and in a minute more it came.

"Good mercy! The water flow over us before the gale touched us, but when the puff did come there was a screeching. For some time we were under water, and I thought almost all was gone. The gale came so quick and strong that it fairly drove us under water—the whole ship, masts and all, went under like a diving duck. But she managed to shake the water off, and when she came up into dry again she began to start ahead. Her three topsails blew out of the bolt-ropes like pieces of wet paper, and then we were left as the ship did not see us, for the speaker and stargazer didn't feel the wind a minute before they meant to.

"When we got our observation that day, we were in latitude thirty-four degrees south, and in longitude five degrees and fifteen minutes east; so we must have been about four hundred miles

west of the Cape of Good Hope. This wind, or gale, came right from the south, and I knew that if I could only keep the ship before it, I should have plenty of sea-room. At nine o'clock I went below, and agreed that I should be called at midnight, but at eleven my mate came down and told me that we must get the foresail on, and if that would not take the wind, we must bend a new topsail. I hurried on deck and found that he had spoken truly, for the gale had raised heavy seas, and those seas were beginning to gain on us, and of course the minute those fellows outran us, they'd bury us under and founder us. I ordered the foresail loosened, and the starboard clew was hauled down. We got the sail set, but it did not see us long, for the sea ran so high they took the wind out of it more than half the time. But I had a good idea, and we bent a fore-topsail, and this we got safely set, and that helped us.

"On the next morning, when the sun rose, the gale abated, and by eight bells we were once more on our course with the wind from the westward. At about ten o'clock my mate came down into the cabin with a face as white as ashes, and with a terrified look he told me that the ship had sprung a leak! I started on deck and found the men all in an uproar of confusion. Upon sounding the pumps I found seven feet of water in the well. We had sounded in the morning, and then there was only fourteen inches. I set half the crew at work at the pumps, and with the other half I went into the hold and commenced to break bulk to see if we could find the leak. After working half an hour, we came to some bales of old bags that we had used for stowing raw hemp. They laid against the ship's side, and the moment we took away the boxes that had laid atop they came away of their own accord, and the water rushed in a torrent. One of the seams was open for a distance of two fathoms. In order to jam the old bags back, but couldn't. We tried, the leak could be stopped, for in ten minutes after we found it, 'twas under water on both sides!

"I saw that the ship was gone in spite of fate. This seam had been opened during the night, but the bags were jammed so hard against it, that no water had come in until they had become perfectly soaked and logged; but when it did gain access it came with a rush. I called all hands on deck, and told them what had happened, and that the ship could not be saved. But, said I, 'don't give up. We are surely right in the track of nearly all Indians, either the Straits, or from Europe. We will take the long-boat and trust the rest to fate.'

"My men saw the matter in its true light, and as soon as their fate was known, they became calm and sober. I left some of the men at the pumps, and with the rest I got out the long-boat, and proceeded to secure such articles as we might want. I took a compass, charts, and all my nautical instruments, and then overlooked the securing of other things, such as the boat's mast, sails, rigging, spare line, and seizing stuff, bread, water, and what spirits we had. I also looked out for what we had some carpenter's tools, and some fishing line and hooks.

"It was just noon when we got the boat ready, and then I called the men from the pumps, and saw them all. We had a smaller boat, but I dared not trust it in such a sea as was running then, nor did I wish that any of the men should do so. When the men were all in the boat, I looked around upon the deck, and tried to think if there was anything we had forgotten. I knew we had got all the bread that could be reached, and all the water, too. The ship was now sinking fast, and I got on board the boat and ordered her to be shoved off. We had not been gone from her side more than ten minutes before she began to reel in the water and work around before the wind. Then there came a sea that lifted her stern up, and she plunged her bows under the same sea as a bird would dive. We saw the old ship no more!

"As soon as we got calm, I laid out our course and put the boat's head due east, and then I began to make out the rations to which each man should be entitled. There were twenty-nine souls in all on board, and we agreed that each man should have one pint of water and four biscuits per day, and that we would fall back on that if that should be need. To this all were agreed. Look out were stationed, and the men divided into four watches.

"For three days we sailed on in safety, but on the morning of the fourth, the sky looked black, and the wind was cold. By ten o'clock the wind came from the northwest and blew a gale, and we were forced to put our boat before it. In this way we went for forty-eight hours, but during that time we must have made three hundred miles at least. Three hundred miles away from land!

"But that was not the worst that befel us. One day, while we were yet running before the wind, I was overhauling my things that were in a small chest in the stern sheets, and I took my quadrant up and laid it upon the high thwart by the tailfall. At any rate, while I was pulling away in the chest, a sea broke over the stern of the boat, and carried off my quadrant. This was a severe loss, for now we had no means of telling our position except by dead reckoning, and that was very uncertain in such a craft.

"But I went into it with all the little accidents that befel us. We were more got our boat's head to the east, but for a week we had no light, but only a puff breeze. One morning the lookout at the bows started us by crying out, 'a sail!' We all started to our feet, and there was a sail directly ahead. It had come down during the night, for it was now running to the southward. We made all manner of signals, and some of the men in the height of their frenzy yelled out with all their might, but the ship did not see us, for she was lost to us. After this, there was a gloom upon our devoted crew. In the stern-sheets was our last bread bag, and there were only two hundred biscuits in it! Amidships was our last weaker of water, and we had already used half its contents!

"As near as I could calculate, we were yet three hundred miles from land, and perhaps more. The wind was now from the southward and westward, but our boat did not make much headway over the sea. On the second day from that I took fifty-eight biscuits from the bag, and it was empty! I gave two biscuits to each man, and to that we had no more! On the next morning our food was gone. For three days we had our fishing-hooks out, but without taking anything. There was a shark seen at times in our wake, but we could not capture him. That night we had no food, and only half-a-pint of water to each man. Our spirits were gone, and ere long we were without nourishment of any kind. Some of the men had saved crumbs of bread, but they only served as an aggravation.

"On the next morning the men were gnawing the oars and whatever else they could get hold of. They wet their lips with the salt water, and chewed bits of oakum and tobacco. Before night we were a sorry crew. I began to feel faint and parched. Our eyes were strained to catch the first sign of hope that might appear upon the horizon, but night shut down about us without the coming of the sign. Another morning dawned, and I saw that some of the men were almost crazy, and I began to fear that the worst might come! The sun arose to its meridian height, and its scorching rays poured mercilessly down upon us. For an hour not a word had been spoken by any of the crew. An idea had worked its way into our minds—an idea so terrible that we dared not speak it. I could see the face of every man, and each looked upon his mate with that sidelong, furtive glance that betrays the weight of dread thought.

"At length all eyes became fixed upon me. I had prayed that some one else would speak, but none would do it. 'Boys,' said I, speaking very carefully, 'we may have rain to night, and if we do we shall have drink!'

"But we want food!" said my mate, in a hoarse whisper.

"The men heard him, and they started. The charm was broken, for there was but one way in which food could come. Some one must die! "O it was a dreadful thought; but it was spoken. An old fore-topman spoke it, and I could see how he shuddered as he did so. Again all eyes were turned to me, and I knew I must speak. I thought awhile, and then I told them that death was staring us all in the face—that we must all die unless some one would die to save the rest. I spoke it as quickly as possible, and when it was all agreed to what I had said, "O, it is a dreadful thought to have on one's mind that life has got to be sustained upon the blood and flesh of another—that we have got to turn cannibals, but we know what we have to do, and I will do it!"

"We agreed to wait until the sun's lower disc had touched the water, and then, if no sign of help came, the sun had half sank from sight, and nothing but the recordless waste met our gaze. The work of drawing the lot was left in my hands, and I drew the stationer's register, and cut it into twenty-nine strips, and upon one of them I made a cross with my pencil. The man who drew that was to be the victim. When they were all ready I took them in my hand, with one end projecting out far enough to allow each one to be seized readily, and then my mate began to call the names of the crew. I remembered that I held out my hand, and I could hear the men breathe as they came up and drew their lots. Twelve were thus drawn, and the twelve men had drawn clean papers. The thirteenth was a young man named Frank Billings—yet not reached the estate of manhood. He came up, and before he came I saw him clasp his hands and raise his eyes towards heaven. There was a deadly palor on his face, and his fingers slipped from the paper he had singled out before he drew it. It was drawn—he drew it up—he tore the cross!

"The youth uttered a cry to his seat and sank down. The work had commenced! It was now dark, but not a word was spoken. The low breeze hummed a mournful tune—a death-dirge—about us, and the sea whispered back the burden of the note. Frank Billings was the first to speak.

"Boys," he said, and he spoke more calmly than I could have done under the same circumstances. "I am ready. I shall not blame you. With my whole heart I forgive you now. Let it be over as soon as possible."

"There was a moment's pause, and then the old fore-topman spoke!

"We can wait until morning," he said. "We can live five minutes!"

"We all agreed to wait until the next morning, and Frank Billings looked the thanks he could not speak. I could see that he hoped.

"During the night there was considerable swell, and we spread everything that we could to catch it, and by sucking the elms, and blankets, and rags thus dampened, we slightly mitigated the pain. I saw that the wind was out from the southward and westward, and our boat's head was still pointing eastward.

"The next morning came, and the breeze was fresher, and the boat went more swiftly through the water. The sun arose and we looked around for some sign of hope, but none was to be seen. All was blank—hopeless!

"Let me die at once!" gasped the faded youth, clasping his hands. "Strike me quickly. I will not look to see who does it."

"All eyes were turned towards me, and I knew by their looks that they meant for me to strike the fatal blow. At that moment I did really wish that I had received the fatal lot. But an idea came to my mind. I proposed to draw lots again to decide who should be the executioner. At that moment the old fore-topman arose to his feet, and he said that he spoke the idea of the cannibal feast. He was pale and weak with hunger and thirst, and his limbs could hardly support him.

"Boys," said he, "I feel the hand of death upon me, and I am willing to die, but I cannot support life in this way. When I first spoke of this I thought I could do it, but I can't. I look

different now when I see a faithful shipmate, that has stood by me in storm and sunshine, alloted to die just that we may eke out a few more days to ourselves by sucking away his life. Shipmates, you may do as you please, but for me my mind is made up. When I die, even if it be while I now speak, the blood of a true and faithful shipmate shall be on my soul!"

"O, no! I love that man, and I feel that when he sat down there was a buzz about the boat—and in another moment every man arose, and I did the same. Instinctively every hand was raised to heaven—and all agreed to live or die together.

"Frank Billings fainted, and sank down from his seat, but some of the men caught him, and lifted him up, and he was soon brought to. "We had now become so weak and faint, that hardly a man could be found strong enough to take the helm, and I looked every moment to see some one faint and die. The morning passed on, and the sun was well up. My chronometer was yet safe, and by that it was nine o'clock. Suddenly there came a sharp cry from Jack Morton, the old fore-topman before alluded to. I thought he was dying, for I heard the name of God upon his lips.

"Look, look!" he screamed, as he leaped upon the forward thwart and caught his arm about the foremast for support.

"We did look, and saw a low bank that looked like mist in the distance. It was directly ahead.

"It is land! land!" he uttered, sinking back upon his seat, and when I arose, I opened my telescope and looked upon the point he had seen. It was land, plain, substantial land. "We threw water upon our sails, and through the waves we went. In half an hour the land was plainly visible to the naked eye. It was a low, sandy spot, with white dunes here and there, and beyond we could see great black mountains. I knew in a moment we were heading for Table Bay, and that Cape Town was close at hand. Then I heard old sailors pray. I heard them give thanks to God in truth, pious rest. We were strong now—strong with sure hope.

"At half past eleven I ran the boat upon the sand not a cable's length from the Amsterdam Fort. We sprang out upon the dry land, and tottered on to some of the buildings of the Dutch Company. We were taken in and cared for, and our boats had the good sense to keep us from excess in both food and drink. In time we were among sailors, and not one of our crew died—not one. In a month an American ship put into the Bay on her homeward bound passage, and her commander gave us passage in her.

"Frank Billings still lives, and when I saw him last, he commanded one of the fine-clipper ships that sails. Old Jack Morton is dead, but he died on shore, and he had kind friends to soothe his last moments—and I can tell you that if ever a man had cause for dying happy, he had. He was one of those who never did harm to a fellow being, but who, on the contrary, always tried to do good.

"Now, boys, I've put one word more to say. If ever I had any light thoughts of God before, I have none now. I had seen that terrible cruise in the long-boat. If God wasn't with us at that morning when our hearts were given up to death, then I don't want to know it, for it makes me happy to think he was—and I know that Frank Billings thinks the same."

So ended Ben's story, and we whiff heard it were thoughtful and sparing of words during the rest of the evening.

WONDERFUL PENS.

Dr. Warner, some years ago, happened to be in the city of London, in a small Strand, London, when a member of the House of Commons purchased a bundle of quills for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed—"O, the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a bundle of quills! Why, it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life. That is very surprising, doctor," observed the stationer, for your works are very voluminous. "I declare," replied the doctor, "I wrote my Ecclesiastical History, my last novel, and my Dissertations on the Book of Common Prayer, a large folio, both the first and second copies, with one single pen. It was an old one when I began, and it is not worn out now that I have finished. This relation was spread abroad, and the merit of this pen was esteemed so highly that a celebrated country lawyer, the doctor, made him a present of it. He did so, and his ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen written upon it, and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the Bride of Abydos in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

John Elliott translated the entire Bible into the Indian language, and wrote the whole of it with one pen.—New York Sun.

SYMPATHY.

"What is sympathy?" asked Ike, who had not got very far in the humanities. Mrs. Partington was at the little white pine table, busied with her needlework, and she answered him to a question beyond that, that sympathy meant in vain to try to imitate, and she stopped short as she saw that she was wrong, to answer him. "Sympathy," said she, sublimely, holding the rolling pin in her left hand, "sympathy is that feeling that enters into a man and warms the cockles of his heart, and leads him to send round turkeys to bless the hearts and other inroads of the poor at Thanksgiving, God help 'em while they live, but I have no answer him, as there was a partition wall between them and everybody else, for whom the poor never says God bless you. He was deeply engaged with what she said—at the same time engaged in trying the quality of the meat for the mice piece.—Foot.

STYLE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

General Washington had a large family coach, light carriage, and a chair, and a cream-colored, painted with three cream-colored figures on each panel—and very handsome. He drove in the coach to Christ Church every Sunday morning, with two horses; drove the carriage and four into the country—to Landsdowne, The Hills and other places. In going to the Senate he used a pair of white horses, and his servants were white, and wore liveries of white cloth, trimmed with scarlet or orange.—Griswold's Republican Court.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LITTLE TEDDY.

BY MISS R. W. WILSON.

It did not greatly shock us when we were told little Teddy was dead. As it was true we remembered that a joyful event had advent into this world was considered. We had witnessed the delight of her father when he first exhibited the baby to her grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins. We realized too, that Teddy belonged to the class who were born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and it was for this very reason we began early to pity her. We had no sympathy like this for the little fellow just of her age, whose mother shaded him with an umbrella on the common walk while she sold apples and ginger-nuts; for that baby had on flannel garments, and his mother's great plaid shawl, was drawn tightly around him, and he wore a knit hood that kept his ears warm, and that baby looked happy. But Teddy had a bird nurse that had a child of her own which she forsook to take charge of the "rich lady's" baby, on account of the money it would bring her, and when she persuaded the young mother that it would do Teddy a great deal of good to be carried out in the open air every day, we had some misgiving that a kind of selfishness prompted her to recommend this habit.

And then Teddy had a room fitted up very tastefully, and it was christened the "nursery." It looked like a miniature palace—the ceiling was beautifully frescoed overhead, and in each of the four corners a cupid was painted nestling in a bouquet of flowers, and the curtains in this apartment were of a delicate green hue, and shaded the eyes of the little proprietor very softly, and everything was in excellent harmony but the gauntlet in the centre of the room, and I imagined from the inflated looks of the baby's eyes, that the nurse had torched up the glaring light to read magazine, while Teddy lay in her cradle, looking in wonder at two "big blue" and longed to put her tiny fingers into it.

But in a few weeks we saw that Teddy had exchanged her nurse for another, and she too drove out the baby twice a day in a nice little chair that her father had purchased. Teddy was encircled with a splendid white embroidered cashmere cloak, and she wore a white fur hat with a feather in front, and it was pulled up at the ears, and had a long flaming camellia behind. It was very beautiful and very becoming, but very uncomfortable; but the baby could not tell so—the wind whistled in her ears and her cashmere cloak did not enough protect her from being cold, and her seat in the chair was a hard one, and the vehicle was so made that it ran very much like a cart, and Teddy got some severe thumpings when she crossed the streets, that made her limbs ache badly, and when she was returned home she did sometimes vent herself in a fit of crying; but her meaning was misunderstood, and so she was ordered in her carriage again to be thumped over, just as soon as we could feel.

Teddy did not thrive half as fast as the baby who lived on the common under the umbrella. He looked red and strong, and fat and happy; for he had enough to eat, and he was delighted to see the boys and girls that hovered about him; but Teddy was brought up systematically, only being allowed her rations four times a day at stated hours, and being very scientific she could not see the propriety of lying kept starved.

To say that Teddy was abused when she was such a perfect little idol, may be disbelieved by many. For she certainly had a great deal of money expended to keep her comfortable; there was her warm nursery, her hired nurse, her beautiful vehicle and her elegant wardrobe—her silver porringers, and her silver rattle, and other very expensive playthings. She had, too, an elegant mahogany cradle, and a crib made to order on her account; but her limbs ached so after being jolted so roughly that she could not sleep half as soundly as the baby on the common amidst the roar of the street close by him, and the file of soldiers in front, and yet in Teddy's room you might hear a pin drop for the profound silence upon the sleep.

The last time we saw Teddy she was seated in her chair, and the nurse was busy conversing with "Mike," her husband's cousin, as he was returning from his dinner. The day was raw and cold, and the baby looked puny and weak; and we noticed that she did not return from her second airing that day till nearly twilight, and in a day or two after, we heard Teddy was dead.

There was a great lamentation in the baby's home—but Teddy lay in her beautiful carriage encircled with flowers and a sweet smile played around her parted lips, and we felt it was the recognition she gave to the angel who bore her away that left the imprint on her lovely countenance, and how could we mourn that Teddy had gone home!

THE RULE OF THREE.

There are exceptions to every rule but the rule of three; that is never changed. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash on hand and consequent ability to meet them. If you allow your vanity to lead you into extravagance, you must rely on something else to take you out of it; either a rich relation or a short-cut of your furniture may be less showy than that of your income, but it will never last. Better are carpet-bottomed chairs and mahogany tables that are paid for, than spring cushions and marble mantels on a note of demand. Your coat may be less fashionable than your neighbor's, and while he is driven by a liveried coachman, you may be riding along in a hack; but, may not, there is a time for balancing the books, and every purse has got a bottom. So, economize, and always remember the rule of three.—Alice Fleming.

Nothing is more odious than the practice of those great men, who with fine looks and promises, make one hope for services they never mean to perform. First, let some young man I can serve you, says a court minion; and then upon the discovery he lays hold of it for some other purpose.—Sir R. L'Estrange.
